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TOWER OF LONDON

"And many a captive langished there, in those strong towers of old."

FRANCES BROWNE

Henry VI, Part 3

Troilus and Cressida

John D. Morris and Company
PHILADELPHIA

TOWER OF LONDON
FRANCES BROWNE
"And must we say farewell to those dear haunts of old,

Edition DeLuxe

The Works of

William Shakespeare

Volume V

Henry VI, Part 3

Troilus and Cressida

1-11

John D. Morris and Company
PHILADELPHIA

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Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. The Duke of York reaches London in advance of the King, and is seated by Warwick upon the throne. There the weak-kneed monarch shortly afterwards finds him; nor can he move him from his seat till York is promised the kingly succession after Henry's death. Neither of the rival houses long abides by the treaty. The haughty Queen Margaret becomes enraged at the prospect of her son's deposition, and herself musters an army against York, who is defeated and slain.

II. York's sons, Edward and Richard, though much depressed by these tidings, take heart again upon being joined by the powerful Warwick. The royal forces are engaged once more near Towton. The battle is fiercely fought, but at length the King's—or, more properly, the Queen's—forces are routed. Edward proceeds to London to mount the throne as Edward IV.

III. Having witnessed Edward's coronation, Warwick crosses over to France to obtain for the new sovereign the hand of the Princess Bona. At the French court he encounters Queen Margaret and her son, who had come to implore the French King's aid in their cause. This is almost granted when the arrival of Warwick changes the aspect of affairs, and Edward's overtures are successful. Just at this moment, however, letters from England bear intelligence that Edward has married Lady Elizabeth Grey. Naturally both the King of

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III.

The Characters of Richard II. and Henry VI.

The characters and situations of both these persons are so nearly alike that they would have been completely confounded by a commonplace poet. Yet they are kept quite distinct in Shakespear. Both were kings, and both unfortunate. Both lost their crowns owing to their mismanagement and imbecility; the one from a thoughtless, wilful abuse of power, the other from an indifference to it. The manner in which they bear their misfortunes corresponds exactly to the causes which led to them. The one is always lamenting the loss of his power which he has not the spirit to regain; the other seems only to regret that he had ever been King, and is glad to be rid of the power, with the trouble; the effeminacy of the one is that of a voluptuary, proud, revengeful, impatient of contradiction, and inconsolable in his misfortunes; the effeminacy of the other is that of an indolent, good-natured mind, naturally averse to the turmoils of ambition and the cares of greatness, and who wishes to pass his time in monkish indolence and contemplation. Richard bewails the loss of the kingly power only as it was the means of gratifying his pride and luxury; Henry regards it only as a means of doing right, and is less desirous of the advantages to be derived from possessing it than afraid of exercising it wrong. In knighting a young soldier, he gives him ghostly advice:—

> "Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
> And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in right."

HAZLITT: *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

IV.

Queen Margaret.

In the third part of *Henry VI.*, Margaret, engaged in the terrible struggle for her husband's throne, appears

to rather more advantage. The indignation against Henry, who had pitifully yielded his son's birthright for the privilege of reigning unmolested during his own life, is worthy of her, and gives rise to a beautiful speech. We are here inclined to sympathize with her; but soon after follows the murder of the Duke of York; and the base, revengeful spirit and atrocious cruelty with which she insults over him, unarmed and a prisoner—the bitterness of her mockery, and the unwomanly malignity with which she presents him with the napkin stained with the blood of his youngest son, and "bids the father wipe his eyes withal," turn all our sympathy into aversion and horror. York replies in the celebrated speech beginning—

> She-wolf of France, and worse than wolves of France,
> Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth—

and taunts her with the poverty of her father, the most irritating topic he could have chosen.

By such a woman as Margaret is here depicted such a speech could be answered only in one way—with her dagger's point—and thus she answers it.

It is some comfort to reflect that this trait of ferocity is not historical; the body of the Duke of York was found, after the battle, among the heaps of slain, and his head struck off; but even this was not done by the command of Margaret.

In another passage, the truth and consistency of the character of Margaret are sacrificed to the march of the dramatic action, with a very ill effect. When her fortunes were at the very lowest ebb, and she had sought refuge in the court of the French king, Warwick, her most formidable enemy, upon some disgust he had taken against Edward IV., offered to espouse her cause, and proposed a match between the prince her son and his daughter Anne of Warwick—the "gentle Lady Anne" who figures in *Richard III.* In the play, Margaret embraces the offer without a moment's hesitation: we are disgusted by her versatile policy, and a meanness of spirit

in no way allied to the magnanimous forgiveness of her terrible adversary. The Margaret of history sternly resisted this degrading expedient. She should not, she said, pardon from her heart the man who had been the primary cause of all her misfortunes. She mistrusted Warwick, despised him for the motives of his revolt from Edward, and considered that to match her son into the family of her enemy from mere policy was a species of degradation. It took Louis XI., with all his art and eloquence, fifteen days to wring a reluctant consent, accompanied with tears, from this high-hearted woman.

The speech of Margaret to her council of generals before the battle of Tewksbury (V. iv. 1 *et seq.*) is as remarkable a specimen of false rhetoric as her address to the soldiers, on the eve of the fight, is of true and passionate eloquence.

She witnesses the final defeat of her army, the massacre of her adherents, and the murder of her son; and though the savage Richard would willingly have put an end to her misery, and exclaims very pertinently—

> Why should she live to fill the world with words?

she is dragged forth unharmed, a woful spectacle of extremest wretchedness, to which death would have been an undeserved relief.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

V.

Richard.

The dire and ominous shadow of the historic Richard is thrown nearly a generation backward. It is also deepened and darkened by the aid of the blacker interpretation of Richard left by Sir Thomas More. Holinshed's Richard is the ruthless champion of his House, who slays Henry only "to the intent that his brother Edward might reign with more surety"; the dramatic Richard is "himself" and for himself alone. But even the dramatic

Richard does nothing, in the present play, which the champion of his House might not do; and thus the two sublime monologues (III. ii., V. vi.) in which he lays bare, with the terrific candour of Tamburlane, the policy of his egoism, are only intelligible as preludes to the wonderful drama in which Shakespeare, now at length escaping from the traces of Greene and from the Marlowe alliance if not as yet altogether from his spell, worked out the destiny of the great avenger of the crimes of Lancaster.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

VI.

Warwick and Clifford.

Warwick and Clifford are appropriate specimens of the old English feudal baronage in the height of its power and splendour; a class of men brave, haughty, turbulent, and rough, accustomed to wield the most despotic authority on their estates, and therefore spurning at legal restraint in their public capacity; and individually able, sometimes, to overawe and browbeat both king and Parliament. In the play, however, we see little of their personal traits, these being, for the most part, lost in the common habits and sentiments of their order; not to mention that, in the collision of such steel-clad champions, individual features are apt to be kept out of sight, and all distinctive tones are naturally drowned in the clash of arms. It is mainly what they stand for in the public action, that the drama concerns itself about, not those characteristic issues which are the proper elements of a personal acquaintance. Yet they are somewhat discriminated: Clifford is more fierce and special in his revenge, because more tender and warm in his affections; while Warwick is more free from particular hate, because his mind is more at ease in the magnitude of his power, and the feeling of his consequence. It is said that not

less than thirty thousand persons lived daily at the tables of his different castles and manors. Add to this, that his hospitality was boundless, his dispositions magnificent, his manners captivating, his spirit frank, forthright, and undesigning, and it may well be conceived why his "housekeeping won the greatest favour of the commons," insomuch that, though but an earl in style, he could in effect force kings to reign as viceroys under him. Holinshed speaks of him thus: "Full fraught was this nobleman with good qualities right excellent and many, all which a certain natural grace did so far forth recommend, that with high and low he was in singular favour and good liking, so as, unsought-for it seemed, he grew able to command all alone." And his bearing in the play is answerable to the character that history assigns him; though it were to be wished, that in the doings of the king-maker the Poet had given us more taste of the individual man.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Battling of the Base.

The play commences with abject meanness on his [King Henry's] part in bartering the hopes of his heir for his personal immunity and ease during life, and the hollow compromise he relies on is presently broken through by his own party, as well as that of York, and with equal guilt of perjury on either side. Instability and faithlessness are active also between members of the same party, and Exeter, the fleeting Clarence and Warwick desert and return under the influence of the merest personal whims and piques and self-interest. All the other virtues but valour in its lowest dogged form appear to have taken leave of society; in no direction that we can turn is an effort apparent that claims our confidence and deserves our sympathy, and the state of affairs is

represented that has occurred more than once among the civil convulsions nearer to our own time, though happily not in our own country—high motive and good faith utterly wanting, or if found together unsupported by even ordinary sagacity, application and courage. In such a case the strongest right, much more its merest shadow, forfeits the vantage-ground of natural strength to the very basest ambition guided by first-rate talents, energy and courage; and when the battle at last turns between contenders who are all destitute of right and virtue, the victory will surely fall to him who with the best or an equal capacity is the most treacherous, prompt and pitilessly unsparing. The better and indeed the greater strength of the consistency of right is lost, and the consistency of wrong has the reversion of supremacy and bears down all before it, though only in its onward and downward course to its own destruction. It is by title of such steady and overruling consistency that the house of York triumphs at last, and that within that house the last prize is destined inevitably for Richard, the most able, steadfast, daring and unscrupulous of all. This destiny is distinctly indicated in the present play, and the hint is given too in the prediction about Richmond, that, if wickedness is rising to a head and ripening, the sickle is also preparing that is to raze it to the ground. For the rest the progress of the contest decimates a turbulent nobility and leads us to anticipate a quieter world in days to come.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

VIII.

The Henry VI. Trilogy.

Let us again take a survey of the whole trilogy. . . . We have history represented in its degeneration into civil war, which is the consequence of the original disturbance of its course and of the general demor-

alisation which increases with it. This is the theme upon which the *whole trilogy* is based, and which exhibits the two sides of life according to Shakspeare's conception. The three *parts* then show the principal stages in the development of such a state of things. History, when so degenerate, first of all casts out those that are good and noble but who are nevertheless not wholly unaffected by the spirit of their age, and at the same time shows that the great and pure are not understood and that they cannot keep themselves entirely pure. This is exhibited in the *First* Part by the events belonging to it (and hence, because appropriate here only, Shakspeare introduces Talbot's death into this First Part in violation of the laws of chronology). History then continues falling into a wild state of chaos, where right and wrong flow into one another and can no longer be distinguished, and consequently where the bad and the good, or, to speak more correctly, the bad and those that are less bad, are drawn into the general vortex. This is the second stage, of which we have a representation in the *Second* Part. Having arrived at this climax, history demands that man shall not interfere with its course, and refrain from having any determination of his own, and that he shall leave all action to that man whom it has itself chosen to restore order. It therefore punishes every uncalled-for interference as unauthorised presumption, whereas the submissive spirit is inwardly exalted and glorified through suffering and death. This is the thought which connects the events of the *Third* Part into an organic unity.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

IX.

The Poet and the Plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgement will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will

be the best, and one will be the worst. . . . Dissimilitude of style, and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are Shakspeare's.

JOHNSON: *General Observations on Shakspeare's Plays.*

Never attracting or affecting me quite as the other works of Shakespeare, nor indeed ever seeming to me to be his works, they had never been so perused as to engage me in spontaneous interpretation or restoration. Even up to the present hour too, of Shakespeare's close, bold, and subtle reasoning; his epigrammatic play of words and ideas; his grace and dignity of dialogue; his psychological curiosity; his metaphorical prodigality; his disclosed fruits of pensive experience; his encased kernels of consolidated thought; his touches of human nature, here finely caught, there mysteriously inspired; his world-wide illustration; his magical imagery of outward things reflected from the innermost sense of them; all involved in a stream of melody whose onflow becomes in itself pathetic;—of these from the three parts of *Henry VI.* I still miss some sensible measure.

VAUGHAN: *New Readings and New Renderings of Shakespeare's Tragedies.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY *the sixth.*
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his son.*
LEWIS XI., *King of France.*
DUKE OF SOMERSET.
DUKE OF EXETER.
EARL OF OXFORD.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
LORD CLIFFORD.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,*
EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*
GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*
RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloucester,*
} *his sons.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE.
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF PEMBROKE.
LORD HASTINGS.
LORD STAFFORD.
SIR JOHN MORTIMER,
SIR HUGH MORTIMER,
} *uncles to the Duke of York.*
HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a youth.*
LORD RIVERS, *brother to Lady Grey.*
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
SIR JOHN SOMERVILE.
Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower. A Nobleman.
Two Keepers. A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his father.
A Father that has killed his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*
BONA, *sister to the French Queen.*

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, etc.

SCENE: *England and France.*

The Third Part of
KING HENRY VI.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

London. The Parliament-house.

Alarum. Enter the Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

War. I wonder how the king escaped our hands.
York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charged our main battle's front, and breaking in
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.
Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain or wounded dangerously;
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.
Mont. And, brother, here 's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.
Rich. Speak thou for me and tell them what I did.
[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.*
York. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.
But is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!
Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.
War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norf. We 'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk: stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.
[*They go up.*
War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.
York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council:
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let 's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute:
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I 'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Westmoreland, Exeter, and the rest.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state: belike he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer
To aspire unto the crown and reign as king.
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be revenged on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let 's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns; I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father lived.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they 'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

York. I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down: he made thee Duke of York.
York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that 's Richard Duke of York.
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so: content thyself.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.
West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.
War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those which chased you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.
North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.
West. Plantagenet, of thee and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I 'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.
Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger
As shall revenge his death before I stir.
War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!
York. Will you we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.
K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seized upon their towns and provinces.
War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.
K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.
Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.
Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.
Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.
Mont. Good brother, as thou lovest and honourest arms,
Let 's fight it out and not stand cavilling thus.
Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.
York. Sons, peace!
K. Hen. Peace, thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.
War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.
K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours, often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow,
Shall be my winding-sheet. Why faint you, lords?
My title 's good, and better far than his.
War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.
K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.
York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.
K. Hen. [*Aside*] I know not what to say; my title 's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?
York. What then?
K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.
War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to his crown?
Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.
K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?
Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?
Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.
K. Hen. [*Aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.
North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.
War. Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.
North. Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up in despite of me.
Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence;
May that ground gape and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?
War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And over the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers show themselves.*
K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word:

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.
K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!
War. What good is this to England and himself!
West. Base, fearful and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us!
West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.
North. Nor I.
Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.
West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.
North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!
Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace abandon'd and despised!
[*Exeunt North., Cliff., and West.*
War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may: I here entail
The crown to thee and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign,
And neither by treason nor hostility
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take and will perform.
War. Long live King Henry! Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou and these thy forward sons!
York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.
Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes!
[*Sennet. Here they come down.*
York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I 'll to my castle.
War. And I 'll keep London with my soldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.
Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I came.
[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, their Soldiers and Attendants.*
K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen Margaret and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:
I 'll steal away.
K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.
Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will follow thee.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.
Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes?
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father!
Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I,
Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,
Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.
Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:

If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret; pardon me, sweet son:
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforced me.

Q. Mar. Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor and the lord of Calais;
Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act.
But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours
Will follow mine, if once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee. Come, son, let 's away;
Our army is ready; come, we 'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field
I 'll see your grace: till then I 'll follow her.
Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt Queen Margaret and the Prince.*
K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son
Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
Revenged may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and like an empty eagle
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!
The loss of those three lords torments my heart:
I 'll write unto them and entreat them fair.
Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.
Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Sandal Castle.

Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
Edw. No, I can better play the orator.
Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother! at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?
Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.
York. About what?
Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us;
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King Henry be dead.
Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.
Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.
York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.
Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken:
I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.
Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.
York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.
Rich. I 'll prove the contrary, if you 'll hear me speak.
York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.
Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.
York. Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay: what news? Why comest thou in such post?

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords
Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?
Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I 'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir John Mortimer and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need; we 'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:

Tutor. ' Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!''

King Henry VI. P. 3. Act 1. Scene 3.

A woman's general; what should we fear?
[*A march afar off.*
Edw. I hear their drums: let 's set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battle straight.
York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Field of battle betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield.

Alarums. Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter Clifford and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him!
Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!
[*Exit, dragged off by Soldiers.*
Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I 'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die.
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath:
Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And till I root out their accursed line
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore— [*Lifting his hand.*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death!
To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son; for his sake pity me,
Lest in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause!
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[*Stabs him.*
Rut. Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ! [*Dies.*
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons, God knows what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried 'Courage, father! fight it out!'
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried, 'Charge! and give no foot of ground!'
And cried, 'A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!'
With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!
We bodged again; as I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[*A short alarum within.*
Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford, rough Northumberland,
I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on York, who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That raught at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was 't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where 's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look, York: I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York.
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.
A crown for York! and, lords bow low to him:
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*
Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let 's hear the orisons he makes.
York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates!
But that thy face is, visard-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush.
To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom derived,
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.
Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen,
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death,
'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
But, God He knows, thy share thereof is small:
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as opposite to every good
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Bid'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will:
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies:
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood:
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say 'Alas, it was a piteous deed!'
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,

I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here 's for my oath, here 's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here 's to right our gentle-hearted king.
[*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out Thee.
[*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

A march. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scaped,
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scaped, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.

I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompassed round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should notwithstanding join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on
When as the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!

Edw. O, speak no more, for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite,
Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford! thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,

For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee.
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest!
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O never, shall I see more joy!

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen;
For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burns me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears then for babes; blows and revenge for me!
Richard, I bear thy name; I 'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquess of Montague, and their army.

War. How now, fair lords! What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain!

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.
War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breathed his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
I, then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd toward Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her success;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we in them no hope to win the day;
So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk and myself,
In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here we heard you were,
Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what 's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many moe proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Via! to London will we march amain,
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry 'Charge upon our foes!'
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries 'Retire,' if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fail'st—as God forbid the hour!—
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forfend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
The next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy

Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.
Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.
Edw. Then strike up drums: God and Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?
Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.
War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors, let 's away.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland, with drum and trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?
K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infringed my vow.
Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have used with fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
My careless father fondly gave away'?
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
That things ill-got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I 'll leave my sons my virtuous deeds behind;
And would my father had left me no more!
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits: our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promised knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I 'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:
For with a band of thirty thousand men
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.
Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.
K. Hen. Why, that 's my fortune too; therefore I 'll stay.
North. Be it with resolution then to fight.
Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry 'Saint George!'

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjured Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?
Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?
Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent:
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caused him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.
Clif. And reason too:
Who should succeed the father but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak!
Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?
Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sunset I 'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. I prithee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and privileged to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolved
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—
As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callet know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tamed the king, and made the Dauphin stoop;
And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And graced thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We 'll never leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.
Sound trumpets! let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.
Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.
Edw. No, wrangling woman, we 'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A field of battle between Towton and Saxton, in Yorkshire.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And spite of spite needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
And weak we are and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
'Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!'
So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I 'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I 'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;
And in this vow do chain my soul to thine!
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings,
Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands
That to my foes this body must be prey,

Yet that Thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.
Forslow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the field.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:
Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland:
And here 's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother

To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. Warwick comes; Clifford flies.*

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

King. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light,
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;
Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
Forced to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his father, dragging in the body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands received my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.

Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing in the body.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
But let me see: is this our foeman's face?

Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!
O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!
O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother for a father's death
Take on with me and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son
Shed seas of tears and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country for these woful chances
Misthink the king and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

Son. I 'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Even for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I 'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murdered where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the body.*

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;
Or else come after: I 'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another part of the field.

A loud alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow
More than my body's parting with my soul!
My love and fear glued many friends to thee;
And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,
The common people swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus, hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!
And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
Or as thy father and his father did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer flies;
I and ten thousand in this luckless realm
Had left no mourning widows for our death;
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much lenity?
Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
The foe is merciless and will not pity;
For at their hands I have deserved no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me faint.

Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.
[*He faints.*

Alarum and retreat. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
And wheresoe'er he is, he 's surely dead.
[*Clifford groans and dies.*

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle 's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
I mean our princely father, Duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof let this supply the room:
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
War. I think his understanding is bereft.
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so perhaps he doth:
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace.
Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.
Geo. Where 's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.
I know by that he 's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstanched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he 's dead: off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king:
From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz to offend thine ears.
First will I see the coronation;
And then to Brittany I 'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloucester,
And George, of Clarence: Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloucester;
For Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that 's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloucester. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A forest in the north of England.

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we 'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

Sec. Keep. I 'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I 'll tell thee what befel me on a day
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Sec. Keep. Here comes a man; let 's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
No, not a man comes for redress of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

First Keep. Ay, here 's a deer whose skin 's a keeper's fee:

This is the quondam king; let 's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Sec. Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

First Keep. Forbear awhile; we 'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister
To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account then Margaret may win him;
For she 's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she 's come to beg, Warwick, to give;
She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry,
He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says her Henry is deposed;
He smiles, and says his Edward is install'd;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And in conclusion wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn!

Sec. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Sec. Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind; and that 's enough.

Sec. Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd content:
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Sec. Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath deposed;
And we his subjects sworn in all allegiance
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Sec. Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was King of England?

Sec. Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings,
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths?

First Keep. No;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!
Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust;
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths; for of that sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings, command, and I 'll obey.

First Keep. Weare true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

First Keep. We charge you in God's name, and the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead; your king's name be obey'd:
And what God will, that let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. The palace.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Lady Grey.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloucester, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glou. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I 'll make a pause.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Yea, is it so?
I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He knows the game: how true he keeps the wind!
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Silence!
K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, widow? then I 'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you 'll catch a blow.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] God forbid that! for he 'll take vantages.
K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell me.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Nay, whip me then: he 'll rather give her two.
L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] You shall have four, if you 'll be ruled by him.
K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.
L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I 'll try this widow's wit.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.
[*Glou. and Clar. retire.*
K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?
L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
K. Edw. I 'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.
K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.
L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.
K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.
L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.
L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?
K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.
L. Grey. That 's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.
K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.
L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.
K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.
L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;
That love which virtue begs and virtue grants.
K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.
K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.
L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.
K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.
K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.
L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.
K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit:
Please you dismiss me, either with 'ay' or 'no.'
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say 'ay' to my request;
No, if thou dost say 'no' to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.
Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.
K. Edw. [*Aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;
Her words do show her wit incomparable;
All her perfections challenge sovereignty:
One way or other, she is for a king;
And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—
Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?
L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:

L. Grey. " My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright."

King Henry VI. P. 3. Act 3, Scene 11.

I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:
I know I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.
Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glou. [*Aside to Clar.*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside to Glou.*] When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glou. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You 'ld think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glou. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That 's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glou. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.
Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honourably.
[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Glou. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—
The lustful Edward's title buried—
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my purpose!
Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying, he 'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;
And so I chide the means that keeps me from it;
And so I say, I 'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.
My eye 's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;

What other pleasure can the world afford?
I 'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be beloved?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I 'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way and straying from the way;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—

Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,
And cry 'Content' to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I 'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I 'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I 'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy.
I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus for advantages,
And set the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut, were it further off, I 'll pluck it down. [*Exit.*

Scene III.

France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, his sister Bona, his Admiral, called Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lew. Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sail and learn a while to serve
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,

Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: [*Seats her by him*] yield not thy neck
To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forced to live in Scotland a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward Duke of York
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,

Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I 'll succour thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow.
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow!

Enter Warwick.

K. Lew. What 's he approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France? [*He descends. She ariseth.*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness and unfeigned love,
First, to do greetings to thy royal person;
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. [*Aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. [*To Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,

Hath placed thy beauty's image and thy virtue.
Q. Mar. King Lewis and Lady Bona, hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity;
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still; but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour;
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.
War. Injurious Margaret!
Prince. And why not queen?
War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince than she is queen.
Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.
War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten?
Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years; a silly time

To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford,
Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.
[*They stand aloof.*

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,
Is Edward your true king? for I were loath
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems
As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:
[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgement to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus: our sister shall be Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised.
Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason that I be released
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,

You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace,
Proud setter up and puller down of kings!
I will not hence, till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.
[*Post blows a horn within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. [*To War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Montague:
[*To Lewis*] These from our king unto your majesty:
[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not. [*They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps, as he were nettled:
I hope all 's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:

This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,
He's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore at last I firmly am resolved
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post,
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
Thou seest what 's past, go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long.
There 's thy reward: be gone. [*Exit Post.*

K. Lew. But, Warwick,
Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;
And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our queen and this young prince agree,

I 'll join mine eldest daughter and my joy
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,
And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I 'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

London. The palace.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset, and Montague.

Glou. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?
Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
How could he stay till Warwick made return?
Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.
Glou. And his well-chosen bride.
Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, attended; Lady Grey, as Queen; Pembroke, Stafford, Hastings, and others.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick,
Which are so weak of courage and in judgement
That they 'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glou. And shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glou. Not I:
No, God forbid that I should wish them sever'd

Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen.
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is mine opinion: that King Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.
Glou. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. But the safer when 'tis back'd with France.
Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God and with the seas,
Which He hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
Glou. And yet methinks your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;

She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgement,
Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislike, to whom I would be pleasing,
Doth cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glou. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.
[*Aside.*

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

Post. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
'Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride.'

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
'Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.'

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard that she was there in place.

Post. 'Tell him,' quoth she, 'my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.'

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Post. He, more incensed against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:
'Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.'

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
They shall have wars and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the elder; Clarence will have the younger.
Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.
You that love me and Warwick, follow me.
[*Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.*

Glou. [*Aside*] Not I:
My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!
Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desperate case.
Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or quickly will be landed:
Myself in person will straight follow you.
[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*
But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood and by alliance:
Tell me if you love Warwick more than me;
If it be so, then both depart to him;
I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glou. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see where Somerset and Clarence come!
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerset: I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds,
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.
[*They all cry, 'Henry!'*
Why then, let 's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Edward's camp, near Warwick.

Enter three watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand:
The king by this is set him down to sleep.

Second Watch. What, will he not to bed?

First Watch. Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

Second Watch. To-morrow then belike shall be the day,
If Warwick be so near as men report.

Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the King's chiefest friend.

Third Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keeps in the cold field?
Second Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.
Third Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dangerous honour.
If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
First Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
Second Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and French soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters! honour now or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.
First Watch. Who goes there?
Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest!

[*Warwick and the rest cry all, 'Warwick! Warwick!' and set upon the Guard, who fly, crying, 'Arm! arm!' Warwick and the rest following them.*

The drum playing and trumpet sounding, re-enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair. Richard and Hastings fly over the stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?
War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here is
The duke.
K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted,
Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgraced me in my embassade,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:
[*Takes off his crown.*
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed, thou but the shadow.
My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I 'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis and the Lady Bona send to him.
Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.
[*They lead him out forcibly.*

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.
[*Exit, guarded.*

War. "But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow."—

King Henry VI. P. 3. Act 4, Scene 3.

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
But march to London with our soldiers?
War. Ay, that 's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

London. The palace.

Enter Queen Elizabeth and Rivers.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?
Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn
What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?
Riv. What! loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?
Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.
Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?
Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner,
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surprised at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother and by that our foe,
Riv. These news I must confess are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.
Q. Eliz. Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.
Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
Q. Eliz. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—
For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—
I 'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right:
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:
If Warwick take us we are sure to die. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, Sir William Stanley, and others.

Glou. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And, often but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertised him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends with horse and men
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.
Now, brother of Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

Glou. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord,
And ship from thence to Flanders.

Glou. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glou. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glou. Come then, away; let 's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

London. The Tower.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant of the Tower.

Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure I 'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been famed for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudged an olive branch and laurel crown,

As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your hands:
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent,
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loath, yet must I be content:
We 'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat, for I command no more,
That Margaret your queen and my son Edward
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays his hand on his head*] If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords, for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post.

War. What news, my friend?

Post. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?

Post. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloucester
And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.
[*Exeunt all but Somerset, Richmond, and Oxford.*

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's;
For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars before 't be long.
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts

What may befall him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we 'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,
'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.
Come, therefore, let 's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurgh haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glou. The gates made fast! Brother, I like not this;
For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well-foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man, abodements must not now affright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I 'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and his Brethren.

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.
K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward at least is Duke of York.
May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.
K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.
Glou. [*Aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He 'll soon find means to make the body follow.
Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.
May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*They descend.*
Glou. A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded!
Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not 'long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.
What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;
[*Takes his keys.*
For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter Montgomery, with drum and soldiers.

Glou. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?
Montg. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.
K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery; but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.
Montg. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.
[*The drum begins to march.*
K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while, and we 'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.
Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you 'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I 'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?
Glou. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?
K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we 'll make our claim:
Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.
Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.
Glou. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.
Montg. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.
Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Flourish.*

Sold. Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God, king
of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.
Montg. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.
[*Throws down his gauntlet.*
All. Long live Edward the Fourth!
K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery; and thanks unto
you all:
If fortune serve me, I 'll requite this kindness.
Now, for this night, let 's harbour here in York;
And when the morning sun shall raise his car
Above the border of this horizon,
We 'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;
For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.
Ah, froward Clarence! how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry and forsake thy brother!
Yet, as we may, we 'll meet both thee and Warwick.
Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day,
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII.

London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence, Exeter, and Oxford.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
And many giddy people flock to him.
K. Hen. Let 's levy men, and beat him back again.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;

Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence,
Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclined to hear what thou command'st:
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave and stand not to reply.
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord; and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let 's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt all but King Henry and Exeter.*

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That 's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame:

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within, 'A Lancaster! A Lancaster!'*

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize upon the shame-faced Henry, bear him hence;
And once again proclaim us king of England.
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.
Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

Glou. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others upon the walls.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?
First Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?
Where is the post that came from Montague?
Second Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir John Somervile.

War. Say, Somervile, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?
Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*
War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.
Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.
Glou. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall!
War. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,

That we could hear no news of his repair?
K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
Speak gentle words and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.
War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.
Glou. I thought, at least, he would have said the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glou. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:
I 'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.
K. Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.
K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:
What is the body when the head is off?
Glou. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was slily finger'd from the deck!
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace.
And, ten to one, you 'll meet him in the Tower.
K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.
Glou. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down:
Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.
War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,
This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,
'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.'

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glou. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.
Stand we in good array; for they no doubt
Will issue out again and bid us battle:
If not, the city being but of small defence,
We 'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glou. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory:
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*

Glou. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love!
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking his red rose out of his hat.*
Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's house,
Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephthah's, when he sacrificed his daughter.
I am so sorry for my trespass made
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe,
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends:
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.
K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more beloved,
Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.
Glou. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.
War. O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!
K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?
War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!
I will away towards Barnet presently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.
K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.
Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!
[*Exeunt King Edward and his company. March. Warwick and his company follow.*

Scene II.

A field of battle near Barnet.

Alarum and excursions. Enter King Edward, bringing forth Warwick wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.
Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[*Exit.*
War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth
And by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun.
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me, and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power:
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly. Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breathed his last;

War. "Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet again in Heaven."

King Henry VI. Part 3. Act 5, Scene 2.

And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said 'Commend me to my valiant brother.'
And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That mought not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, delivered with a groan,
'O, farewell, Warwick!'

War. Sweet rest his soul! Fly, lords, and save yourselves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.
[*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[*Here they bear away his body. Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are graced with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen
Hath raised in Gallia have arrived our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
The very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glou. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her:
If she have time to breathe, be well assured
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness rids way;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.
Strike up the drum; cry 'Courage!' and away.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is 't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while!
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that 's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there 's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage then! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
I speak not this as doubting any here;
For did I but suspect a fearful man,
He should have leave to go away betimes,
Lest in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.

If any such be here—as God forbid!—
Let him depart before we need his help.
Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.
O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long mayst thou live
To bear his image and renew his glories!
Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.
Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.
Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.
Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.
Som. But he 's deceived; we are in readiness.
Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.
Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!
Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say
My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.
Therefore, no more but this: Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;
And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.
[*Alarum: Retreat: Excursions. Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and Soldiers; with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset, prisoners.

K. Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.
Oxf. For my part, I 'll not trouble thee with words.
Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.
[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*
Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.
K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?
Glou. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

Glou. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glou. By heaven, brat, I 'll plague ye for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glou. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward, and thou perjured George,
And thou mis-shapen Dick, I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are:
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.
[*Stabs him.*

Glou. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.
[*Stabs him.*

Clar. And there 's for twitting me with perjury.
[*Stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glou. Marry, and shall. [*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too much.

Glou. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glou. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I 'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glou. The Tower, the Tower. [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!
Canst thou not speak? O traitors! murderers!
They that stabb'd Cæsar shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it:
He was a man; this, in respect, a child:
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What 's worse than murderer, that I may name it?
No, no, my heart will burst, an if I speak:
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.
Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
You have no children, butchers! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:
But if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;
Here sheathe thy sword, I 'll pardon thee my death:
What, wilt thou not? then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.
Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.
Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?
Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
What, wilt thou not? Where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.
K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.
Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out forcibly.*
K. Edw. Where 's Richard gone?
Clar. To London, all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.
K. Edw. He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: discharge the common sort
With pay and thanks, and let 's away to London,
And see our gentle queen how well she fares:
By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

London. The Tower.

Enter King Henry and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant, on the walls.

Glou. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;
'Tis sin to flatter; 'good' was little better:
'Good Gloucester' and 'good devil' were alike,
And both preposterous; therefore, not 'good lord.'

Glou. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.
[*Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.
What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glou. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was limed, was caught and kill'd.

Glou. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy
Thy brother Edward, and thyself the sea
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

Glou. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glou. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees;
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou camest to bite the world:
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou camest—

Glou. I 'll hear no more: die, prophet, in thy speech:
[*Stabs him.*
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O, God forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glou. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!
O, may such purple tears be alway shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!)
If any spark of life be yet remaining,

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither:
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd, and the women cried
'O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!'
And so I was; which plainly signified
That I should snarl and bite and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word 'love,' which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee;
For I will buz abroad such prophecies
That Edward shall be fearful of his life,
And then, to purge his fear, I 'll be thy death.
King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest,
Counting myself but bad till I be best.
I 'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.
[*Exit, with the body.*

Scene VII.

London. The palace.

Flourish. Enter King Edward, Queen Elizabeth, Clarence, Gloucester, Hastings, a Nurse with the young Prince, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride!
Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions;
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son;
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night,
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace:
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glou. [*Aside*] I 'll blast his harvest, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:

K. Edw. " Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely Queen;
And kiss your princely nephews, brothers both."

Clar. " The duty that I owe unto your Majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe."

King Henry VI. P. 3. Act 5, Scene 7.

Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.
K. Edw. Clarence and Gloucester, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.
Glou. And, that I love the tree from whence thou sprang'st,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.
[*Aside*] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried, 'all hail!' when as he meant all harm.
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.
Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.
K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abodements, bad omens; IV. vii. 13.
Aboding, boding; V. vi. 45.
Adventure, enterprise; IV. ii. 18.
Advertised, informed; II. i. 116.
Æsop; an allusion to the belief that he was humpbacked (hence the application of the name to Richard Crookback); V. v. 25.
Aims at, (1) endeavours to obtain, III. ii. 68; (2) aim, guess, III. ii. 68.
Alms-deed, act of charity; V. v. 79.
Apparent, heir-apparent; II. ii. 64.
Appointed; "well a.," well equipped; II. i. 113.
Argosy, merchant ship; II. vi. 36.
Arrived, reached, arrived at; V. iii. 8.
As, that; I. i. 234.
Assay, try, essay (Collier, "*essay*"); I. iv. 118.
Attended, waited for; IV. vi. 82.
Awful, awe-inspiring; II. i. 154.

Balm, consecrated oil; III. i. 17.
Bands, bonds; I. i. 186.
Bandy, beat to and fro; I. iv. 49.
Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; III. ii. 187.

From an illuminated MS. of XIVth century.

Battle, army, body of troops; I. i. 8, 15.
Beaver, helmet; I. i. 12.
Belgia, Belgium; IV. viii. 1.
Belike, I suppose; I. i. 51.
Bells, "shake his bells," an allusion to the small bells attached to hawks, to frighten the birds hawked at; I. i. 47.
Betimes, in good time, before it is too late; V. iv. 45.
Bewray, betray; I. i 211.
Bishop's Palace, the Palace of the Bishop of London; V. i. 45.

Blaze, burn; V. iv. 71.
Blood-sucking sighs, referring to the old belief that with each sigh the heart lost a drop of blood; IV. iv. 22.
Bloody, blood-thirsty, cruel; I. iii. 2.
Blunt, rough; IV. viii. 2.
Bodged, yielded, gave way, budged (Johnson conj. "*budged*," Collier conj. "*botch'd*"); I. iv. 19.
Bootless, useless; I. iv. 20.
Boots, avails; I. iv. 125.
Broach'd, begun; II. ii. 159.
Bruit, rumour, report; IV. vii. 64.
Buckle, join in close fight (Theobald's correction [from Quartos] of Folios, "*buckler*"); I. iv. 50.
Buckler, shield; III. iii. 99.
Bug, bugbear; V. ii. 2.
But, except; IV. vii. 36.
Buy, aby, pay for (Grant White, "*by*," from "*abie*" Quarto 1); V. i. 68.

Callet, a woman of bad character; II. ii. 145.
Captivates, makes captive; I. iv. 115.
Case; "if c.," if it be the case, if it happen (Folio 4, "*In case*"); V. iv. 34.
Chafed, infuriated; II. v. 126.
Challenge, claim; IV. vi. 6.
Chameleon, a kind of lizard whose colour changes; III. ii. 191.
Channel, gutter (Roderick conj. "*kennel*"); II. ii 141.
Charm, silence, as by a charm: V. v. 31.
Chase, pursuit, game; II. iv. 12.
Cheerly, cheerfully; V. iv. 2.
Chid, driven by scolding; II. v. 17.
Close, secret; IV. v. 17.
Colours, standards, ensigns; I. i. 91.
Conveyance, trickery; III. iii. 160.
Convey'd, carried off; IV. vi. 81.
Cony, rabbit (Folio 1, "*Connie*," Folio 2, "*Conny*"); I. iv. 62.
Coverture, covert, shelter (Warburton, "*overture.*"); IV. ii. 13.

Darraign, range; II. ii. 72.
Dazzle, "d. mine eyes," are my eyes dazzled?; II. i. 25.
Dearest, best, most precious; V. i. 69.
Deck, pack of cards; V. i. 44.
Delicates, delicacies; II. v. 51.
Demean'd, behaved; I. iv. 7.
Depart, death, II. i. 110; departure, going away, IV. i. 92.
Departing, parting; II. vi. 43.
Despite, spite, malice; II. i. 59.
Detect, betray; II. ii. 143.
Disannuals, annuls, cancels; III. iii. 81.
Done, done with, finished with; IV. i. 104.
Done his shrift, heard the confession and granted absolution; III. ii. 107.
Doubt, fear; IV. viii. 37.

Doubted, feared; IV. iii. 19.
Downright, straight dawn; I. i. 12.

Eager, bitter; II. vi. 68.
Ean, bring forth young (Folios 1, 2, "*Eane*"; Theobald, "*yean*"); II. v. 36.
Effuse, effusion; II. vi. 28.
Embassade, embassy (Capell, from Quartos, "*embassage*"); IV. iii. 32.
Empty, hungry; I. i. 268.
Encounter, fight, combat; V. iii. 5.
Enlargement, release from confinement; IV. vi. 5.
Extraught, extracted, derived; II. ii. 142.

Falchion, scimitar, sword; I. iv. 12.
Fear, affright, terrify; III. iii. 226.
Fear'd, affrighted, frightened (Rowe, "*scar'd*"); V. ii. 2.
Fearful, timorous, I. i. 25; II. ii. 30; terrible, dreadful, II. ii. 27.
Fence, defend, guard; II. vi. 75.
Figures, reveals; II. i. 32.
Fires, dissyllabic; II. i. 83.
Foil, defeat; V. iv. 42.
Fondly, foolishly; II. ii. 38.
For, as regards; IV. iii. 48.
Forfend, forbid; II. i. 191.
Forgery, lie, deception; III. iii. 175.
Forlorn; "a f.," an outcast (Collier MS., "*all forlorn*"); III. iii. 26.
Forslow, delay (Folios 1, 2, "*Foreslow*"; Folios 3, 4, "*Fore-slow*"); II. iii. 56.
Forspent, exhausted (Folios, "*Forespent*"; Rann (from Quartos), "*Sore spent*"); II. iii. 1.
Forward of, eager for; IV. viii. 46.
Fretting, violently agitating; II. vi. 35.

Gallant, spruce fellow, used ironically; V. v. 12.
Gallia, Gaul; V. iii. 8.
Ghostly, spiritual; III. ii. 107.
Gin, snare; I. iv. 61.
Government, self-control; I. iv. 132.
Grant, granting, bestowing; III. iii. 130.

Hand; "out of h.," at once; IV. vii. 63.
Haply, fortunately; II. v. 58.
Hard-favour'd, hard-featured, ugly; V. v. 78.
Hasty, rash, passionate (Walker conj. "*lusty*"; Cartwright conj. "*hardy*"); IV. viii. 2.
Haught, haughty; II. i. 169.
Have at thee, take care, be warned; II. iv. 11.
He, man; I. i. 46.
Head, making, raising an army; II. i. 141.
Heir, heiress; IV. i. 48.
Henry, trisyllabic; I. i. 107.
Hold, stronghold; I. ii. 52.
Homely, humble; II. v. 22.
Honesty, chastity; III. ii. 72.

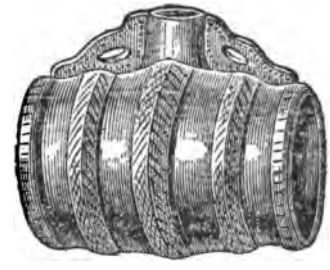
Hour (dissyllabic); II. v. 26, 31, 32, 33, etc.
Hyrcania, a country on the Caspian Sea; I. iv. 155.

Icarus, the son of Dædalus, who, attempting to imitate the example of his father and fly on wings, was drowned (Ovid, *Meta.* viii.); V. vi. 21.
Impale, encircle; III. iii. 189.
Impeach, reproach; I. iv. 60.
Indigested, shapeless; V. vi. 51.
Inferring, bringing forward; II. ii. 44.
Injurious, insulting, III. iii. 78; unjust, III. iii. 101.
Inly, inward; I. iv. 171.
Inviolable, not to be broken; II. i. 30.
Irks; "it i.," it pains; II. ii. 6.

Keeper with cross-bow; III. i. *Cp.* illustration.

From an illuminated MS. of the XVth century, in the National Library, Paris.

Lade, ladle, bale out; III. ii. 139.
Lane, passage; I. iv. 9.
Laund, lawn, glade (Capell, "*lawn*"); III. i. 2.
Level, aim; II. ii. 19.
Leather bottle; II. v. 48. (*Cp.* annexed illustration, from a specimen in the Roach-Smith collection.)



Leather bottle.

Lime, join, cement; V. i. 84.
Limed, caught by bird-lime; V. vi. 13.
'Long, along of, owing to; (Folios, "*long*"); IV. vii. 32.

Machiavel, used proverbially for a crafty politician; III. ii. 193.
Magnanimity, heroic bravery; V. iv. 41.
Malapert, pert, saucy; V. v. 32.
Male, male-parent; V. vi. 15.
Man at arms, armed knight; V. iv. 42.
Manhood, bravery, courage; IV. ii. 20.
Marches, country-borders; II. i. 140.

Masquers; III. iii. 224. *Cp.* illustration.

From an illumination in the Harl. MS. of Froissart.

Meeds, deserts, merits; II. i. 36.
Mermaid, siren; III. ii. 186.
Mess, set of four, "as at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours" (Nares); I. iv. 73.
Mind, mean, have a mind; IV. i. 8.
Misdoubteth, distrusts; V. vi. 14.
Misthink, misjudge; II. v. 108.
Moe, more; II. i. 170.
Motion, proposal; III. iii. 244.
Mought, the reading of the Folios; might, could (Capell [Quartos], "*could*"; Pope, "*might*"); V. ii. 45.
Muse, marvel, wonder; III. ii. 109.

Naked, unarmed; V. iv. 42.
Napkin, handkerchief; I. iv. 79.
Narrow seas, English Channel; IV. viii. 3.
Neat, horned cattle; II. i. 14.
Nestor, the oldest and wisest hero before Troy; III. ii. 188.
Nice, subtile, sophistical; IV. vii. 58.

Obsequious, lavish of obsequies; II. v. 118.
Of, instead of, from being; III. iii. 25.
Only, alone (Pope, "*alone*"); IV. i. 45.
Overgone, overcome; II. v. 123.
Overpeer'd, looked down upon, towered above; V. ii. 14.

Pale, enclose, encompass; I. iv. 103.
Parcel, part; V. vi. 38.
Passing, surpassing; V. i. 106.
Passion, violent sorrow; I. iv. 150.
Period, end, finish; V. v. 1.
Pies, magpies; V. vi. 48.
Pinch'd, bitten; II. i. 16.
Pitiful, merciful; III. ii. 32.
Place; "in p.," present; IV. i. 103.
Pleaseth; "him p.," it pleases him; II. vi. 105.
Pleasure, give pleasure (Folios 2, 3, 4, "*please*"; Collier MS., "*please you too*"); III. ii. 22.
Poltroons, cowards (Folios, "*Poultroones*"); I. i. 62.
Post, messenger; V. i. 1.

From a tract entitled *A speedy Post, with a Packet of Letters and Compliments*, n.d.

Post, haste; I. ii. 48.
Post, hasten; I. ii. 55.
Posted off, put off carelessly; IV. viii. 40.
Power, force, army; II. i. 177.
Prancing, bounding; II. i. 24.
Preachment, high-flown discourse; I. iv. 72.
Prepare, preparation; IV. i. 131.
Prescription, right derived from immemorial custom; III. iii. 94.
Presenteth, represents (Steevens, "*present*"); II. v. 100.
Presently, immediately; I. ii. 36.
Pretend, assert; IV. vii. 57.
Prick, mark, dial-point; I. iv. 34.
Prize, privilege (Warburton [from Quartos], "*pride*"; Walker conj. "*praise*"); II. i. 20.
Proteus, the marine god, who had the faculty of assuming whatever shape he pleased; III. ii. 192.

Quaintly, pleasantly; II. v. 24.
Quit, requite, reward; III. iii. 128.

Racking, moving as clouds; II. i. 27.
Ragged, rugged (Folios, "*raged*"); V. iv. 27.
Ramping, rampant; V. ii. 13.
Raught, reached (Folios 3, 4, "*caught*"); I. iv. 68.
Remorse, pity, compassion; III. i. 40.
Rends, tears asunder (Folios, "*rents*"); III. ii. 175.
Repair, repairing hither (Folios 1, 2, "*repayre*"; Folios 3, 4, "*repair*"); V. i. 20.
Resolve, come to a determination; I. i. 49.
Respect; "in r.," in comparison; V. v. 56.
Rest, remain; V. ii. 8.
Resteth, remaineth; I. ii. 44.
Retire, retreat flight; II. i. 150.
Revolt, fall off; I. i. 151.
Rhesus, the Thracian King, who came to the assistance of Troy, but was slaughtered at night by Ulysses and Diomede; IV. ii. 20.
Rids; "r. way," *i.e.* gets rid of distance; V. iii. 21.
Rook'd, squatted; V. vi. 47.
Roscius, the most celebrated actor of ancient Rome (Pope's emendation; Folios, "*Rossius*"; Hanmer [Warburton], "*Richard*"); V. vi. 10.
Ruinate, ruin; V. i. 83.
Ruthful, piteous (Folios 3, 4, "*rueful*"); II. v. 95.

Sadness, seriousness; III. ii. 77.
Sanctuary, the sanctuary at Westminster, which afforded protection from any persecution; IV. iv. 31.
Scrupulous, "too nice in determinations of conscience"; IV. vii. 61.
Self-place, self-same place, very place; III. i. 11.

Selfsame, the selfsame (Hanmer, "*th' self-same*"); II. i. 82.
Sennet, a particular set of notes on the cornet or trumpet; I. i. 206.
Septentrion, the North; I. iv. 136.
Service; "do thee s.," become thy servitor; V. i. 33.
Shame-faced, bashful; IV. viii. 52.
Ship, take ship (Folio 1, "*shipt*"; Vaughan conj. "*shipp'd*"); IV. v. 21.
Shoot, shot; III. i. 7.
Shriver, confessor; III. ii. 108.
Shrouds, sail-ropes; V. iv. 18.
Sicils, Sicilies; I. iv. 122.
Silly, innocent, helpless, II. v. 43; petty, poor; used contemptuously, III. iii. 93.
Sinew together, knit in strength (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*sinow t.*"); II. vi. 91.
Sinon, the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to carry the wooden horse into Troy; III. ii. 190.
Sith, since; I. i. 110.
Slaughter-man, slayer, butcher; I. iv. 169.
Sleight, artifice, trickery (Rowe, "*slight*"); IV. ii. 20.
Sometime, sometimes; II. ii. 30.
Soothe, to assent to as being true, to humour (Folios, "*sooth*"; Rann, Heath conj. "*smooth*"); III. iii. 175.
Sort, crew, set; II. ii. 97.
Sorts, turns out well; II. i. 209.
Spite, vexation, mortification; V. i. 18.
Spite of spite, come the worst that may; II. iii. 5.
Spleen; "heated s.," fiery impetuosity, heat (Warburton, "*hated spleen*"); II. i. 124.
Sport, disport, amuse; II. v 34.
Stale, laughing-stock, dupe; III. iii. 260.
State, station, rank; III. ii. 93.
Stay, linger; III. iii. 40.
Stigmatic, one branded by nature with deformity; II. ii. 136.
Stout, brave; IV. ii. 19.
Strategems, dreadful deeds Folios 1, 2, "*stragems*"); II. v. 89.
Strike; "to s.," to lower sail; V. i. 52.
Strike sail, lower, let down sail; III. iii. 5.
Success, result, issue; II. ii. 46.
Suddenly, quickly; IV. ii. 4.
Suffer'd, allowed to have way; IV. viii. 8.
Suspect, suspicion; IV. i. 142.

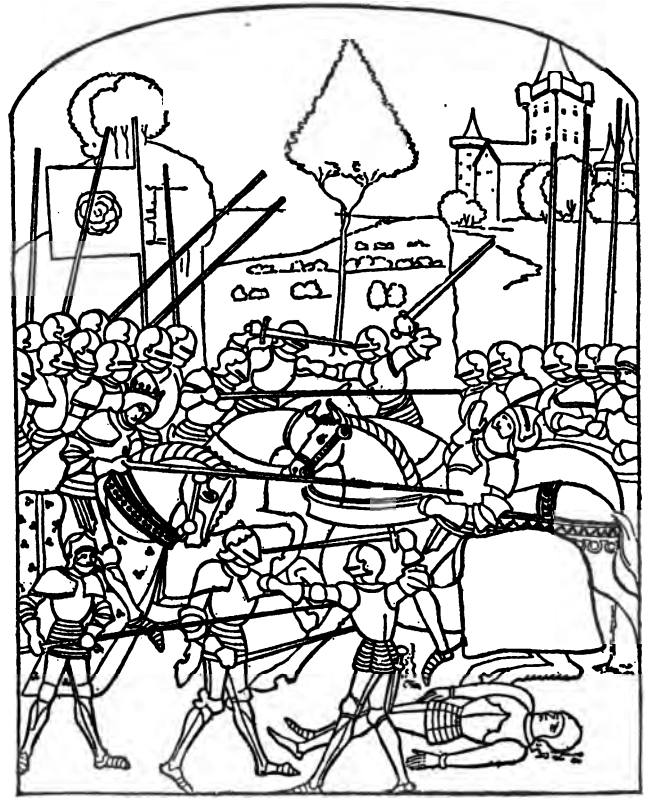
Tacklings, cordage, rigging (trisyllabic); V. iv. 18.
Tainted, touched, moved; III. i. 40.
Take on, be furious; II. v. 104.
Temper with the stars, act and think in conformity with fate; IV. vi. 29.
Time; "take the t.," improve the opportunity; V. i. 48.
Tire on, seize and feed on ravenously; I. i. 269.

Title, claim, right (Grey conj. "*tale*"); III. i. 48.
Toward, bold; II. ii. 66.
Trow'st, thinkest (Folios, "*trowest*"); V. i. 85.
Troy; "the hope of T.," *i.e.* Hector; II. i. 51.
Trull, harlot; I. iv. 114.
Trumpet, trumpeter; V. i. 16.
Type, sign, badge (*i.e.* the crown), (Lloyd conj. "*style*"); I. iv. 121.

Ulysses, the famous king of Ithaca; III. ii. 189.
Unbid, unbidden, unwelcome; V. i. 18.
Unconstant, inconstant; V. i. 102.
Undoubted, fearless (Capell conj. "*redoubted*"); V. vii. 6.
Unreasonable, not endowed with reason; II. ii. 26.
Untutor'd, uninstructed, raw; V. v. 32.
Unwares, unawares; (Folio 4, "*unawares*"; Hanmer, "*un'wares*"; Vaughan conj. "*unware*"); II. v. 62.
Usest, art accustomed; V. v. 75.
Valued, rated, estimated; V. iii. 14.
Vantages, advantages; III. ii. 25.
Venom, venomous, poisonous (Capell [from Quarto 3], "*venom'd*"); II. ii. 138.
Via, away! an interjection of encouragement; II. i. 182.
Visard-like, like a mask; I. 116.
Vowed, sworn; III. iii. 50.

Waft over, carry over the sea III. iii. 253.
Waned, declined (Folios, "*wained*"); IV. vii. 4.
Water-flowing, flowing like water, copious; IV. viii. 43.
Wean me, alienate myself (Folios 1, 2, "*waine*"; Folios 3, 4, "*wain*"); IV. iv. 17.
Weeping-ripe, ready to weep; Folios, "*weeping ripe*"); I. iv. 172.
When? an exclamation of impatience; V. i. 49.
Willow garland, the emblem of unhappy love; III. iii. 228.
Wind, scent; III. ii. 14.
Wisp of straw, a mark of disgrace placed on the heads of scolds; II. ii. 144.
Wit, wisdom; IV. vii. 61.
Witch, bewitch; (Folios, "*'witch*"); III. ii. 150.
Withal, with; III. ii. 91.
Witty, full of wit, intelligent; I. ii. 43.

Younker, stripling; II. i. 24.



The Battle of Barnet.
From a contemporary MS. preserved in the Public Library at Ghent.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. i. 11. '*dangerously*,' Theobald's correction (from Quartos); Folios, '*dangerous*.'

I. i. 18. '*But is your grace*'; Pope, '*Is his grace*'; Capell, '*Is your grace*'; Malone (from Quartos), '*What, is your grace*'; Steevens, '*What, 's your grace*'; Lettsom, '*What, Is your grace.*'

I. i. 19. '*hope*'; Capell, '*end*'; Dyce (Anon. conj.), '*hap.*'

I. i. 34. '*thrust you out perforce*'; Rowe, '*thrust you out by force*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*put us out by force.*'

I. i. 36. '*council*'; Pope's emendation of Folios 1, 2, '*counsaile*'; Folio 3, '*counsell*'; Folio 4, '*counsel.*'

I. i. 41. '*And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice*'; Quartos, '*be deposde*'; as the line stands in the Folios 'Henry' must be either dissyllabic or monosyllabic.

I. i. 55. '*You both have vow'd*'; Folio 4, '*you have both vow'd*'; Pope, '*you vow'd*'; Collier MS., '*you have vow'd.*'; Collier conj. '*both have vow'd*'; Vaughan conj. '*you both vow'd.*'

I. i. 56. '*favourites*'; Capell, '*favourers.*'

I. i. 62. '*poltroons, such as he*'; Folio 1, '*Poultroones, such as he*'; Folios 2, 3, '*Poultroones, and such is he*'; Folio 4, '*Poltroons, and such is he*'; Capell, '*poltroons, and such as he.*'

I. i. 70. '*Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart*'; Capell (from Quartos), '*Far be it from the thoughts of Henry's heart.*'

I. i. 76. '*I am thine*'; Rowe, '*Henry, I am thine*'; Theobald (from Quartos), '*Thou 'rt deceiv'd, I 'm thine.*'

I. i. 78. '*The earldom was*,' *i.e.* the earldom of March, by which he claimed the throne; Theobald (from Quartos), '*The kingdom is.*'

I. i. 83. '*and that's*'; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, '*that's*'; Quartos, '*and that is*'; Collier, '*that is.*'

I. i. 105. '*Thy father*'; '*Thy*,' Rowe's correction (from Quartos) of Folios, '*My*'; '*father*'; Capell conj. '*uncle.*'

I. i. 144. *'his crown'*; Johnson, *'his son'*; Dr. Percy pointed out that Richard II. had no son; Capell (from Quartos), *'the crown'*; Vaughan, *'his line'*; Wordsworth, *'the throne.'*

I. i. 171. *'for this my life-time reign as king,'* the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'for this time,'* etc.: Theobald (from Quartos), *'but reign in quiet, while I live.'*

I. i. 261. *'from,'* the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4, and Quartos; Folio 1, *'to.'*

I. i. 268. *'cost,'* so Folios; Hanmer, *'truss'*; Warburton, *'coast,' i.e.* 'watch and follow, or hover round'; Steevens, *'cote'*; Jackson, *'court'*; Dyce, *'souse.'* Warburton's emendation is generally adopted by modern editors.

I. ii. 16. *'any'*; Dyce, *'an.'* (?) *'But for a kingdom may an oath be broken.'*

I. ii. 38. *'shalt to the Duke of Norfolk'*; the reading of Folios 1, 2, 3; Folio 4, *'shalt be D. of N.'*; Rowe, *'shall go to the D. of N.'*; Pope, *'shalt to th' D. of N. go'*; Steevens, *'shalt unto the D. of N.'*; Vaughan, *'shalt straight to the D. of N.'*

I. ii. 40. *'Lord Cobham'*; Hanmer, *'Lord of Cobham.'*

I. iii. 48. *'Di faciant laudis summa sit ista tuæ'*; *i.e.* 'The gods grant that this be the sum of thy glory' (Ovid, *Epistle from Phillis to Demophoon*).

I. iv. 109. *'sake'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'death.'*

I. iv. 150. *'passion moves'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'passions move'*; Folio 1, *'passions moues.'*

I. iv. 152, 153. *'That face of his the hungry cannibals Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood'*; Warburton's arrangement (from Quartos); printed as three lines in Folios, ending *his . . . toucht . . . blood.* For *'with blood'* Folios 2, 3, 4 read *'the roses just with blood'*; Theobald, *'the roses juic'd with blood'*; Hanmer, *'the roses just i' th' bud'*; Collier MS., *'the rose's hues with blood.'*

I. iv. 169. *'to all'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'of all.'*

II. i. 20. *'Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son'*; so Folios; Warburton (from Quartos), *'pride.'*

II. i. 113. Omitted in Folios, added by Steevens (from Quartos).

II. i. 131. *'idle,'* Capell's emendation (from Quartos) of Folios, *'lazy.'*

II. i. 146. *'Your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,' i.e.* Isabel, daughter of John I. King of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt; she was, therefore, really third cousin to Edward, and not aunt.

II. i. 182. *'to London will we march amain'*; Theobald's emendation (from Quartos); Folios read *'to London will we march'*; Hanmer, *'straight to London will we march.'*

II. i. 190. *'fail'st'*; Steevens, *'fall'st'*; Quartos, *'faints.'*

II. ii. 47-48. *cp.* Greene's *Royal Exchange*:—"It hath been an old proverb, that happy is that son whose father goes to the devil," etc.

II. ii. 147. *'Although thy husband may be Menelaus,' cp. Troilus and Cressida*, V. i. 61, where Thersites calls Menelaus "the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds."

II. ii. 172. *'deniest,'* Warburton's correction (from Quartos); Folios 1, 2, *'denied'st'*; Folios 3, 4, *'deni'dst.'*

II. ii. 177. *'these'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'thy.'*

II. iii. 37. *'Thou setter up and plucker down of kings*; *cp. Daniel* ii. 21, "He removeth kings and setteth up kings."

II. iii. 43. *'in earth'*; the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'in the earth'*; Pope, *'on earth.'*

II. iii. 49. *'all together,'* Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'altogether.'*

II. iii. 53. *'wear'*; Collier MS., *'wore'*; Collier (ed. 2), *'ware.'*

II. v. 26. *'make'*; Folios, *'makes.'*

II. v. 38. *'months'*; Rowe, *'weeks, months.'*

II. v. 44. *'rich embroidered canopy'*; embroidery was a favourite occupation in this period, as is illustrated by the accompanying drawing from the MS. *Bibl. Reg.* 2 B. vii.

Embroidery (see note on II. v. 44).

II. v. 60. *'as this dead man doth me'*; Hanmer, *'as this dead man to me'*; Wordsworth, *'as this dead doth to me.'*

II. v. 80. *'hast,'* the reading of Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *'hath.'*

II. v. 87. *'kill,'* Rowe's correction of Folios, *'kills.'*

II. v. 92, 93. *'O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon, And hath bereft thee of thy life too late'*; much has been written on these lines, the difficulty being in the words *'too late'*; the simplest meaning of the phrase seems to be *'when too late'*; others explain *'too late'* = 'too recently.' The Quartos read *'too late'* in the first line, and *'too soon'* in the second.

The force of the crude couplet seems to be:—O boy, too soon thy father gave thee life (better thou had'st never been born!); too late he discovers that the fatal blow was aimed at *thee.*

II. v. 119. *'Even,'* Capell's emendation; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'Men'*; Folio 4, *'Man'*; Rowe, *'Sad'*; Mitford, *'Mere'*; Delius (Mitford conj.) *'Son'*; Collier MS., *'E'en'*; Keightley conj. *''Fore men'* or *'To men'*; Anon. conj., *'Main,'* etc.

II. vi. 6. *'And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts,'* Rowe's reading; Folios, *'fall. Thy'*; Rann, *'fall, that'*; Johnson conjectured *'fall, the'*; *'commixture melts,'* Steevens' correction (from Quartos); Folio 1, *'Commixtures melts'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Commixtures melt.'*

II. vi. 8. Omitted in Folios. Restored by Theobald (from Quartos).

II. vi. 17. Omitted by Capell, following Quartos.

II. vi. 42-45. The assignment to the speakers is due to Capell, following Quartos, which here are more correct than Folios.

II. vi. 80. *'If this right hand would buy two hours' life'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'would this right hand buy but an hour's life'*; Folio 1, *'two hours''*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'but two hours'.'*

II. vi. 82. *'This hand should'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'I'd.'*

II. vi. 100. *'in thy shoulder'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'on thy s.'*

III. i. *'Enter two keepers'*; Folios, *'Enter Sinklo and Humfrey'*; "as Sinklo is certainly the name of an Actor who is mentioned in the stage directions in *The Taming of the Shrew* (Ind. i. 86), and in *Henry IV.*, Part II. (Act v. Sc. 4), there is a great probability that Humphrey is the name of another Actor; perhaps, as Malone suggests, Humfrey Jeaffes. Neither of these is mentioned in the list of 'Principall Actors' prefixed to the first Folio" (Camb. Editors).

III. i. 13. *'Enter King Henry, disguised, with a Prayer-book,'* Malone's emendation; Folios, *'Enter the King with a Prayer booke'*; Collier MS., adds, *'disguised as a Churchman'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'Enter King Henrie disguisde.'*

III. i. 14. *'To greet mine own land with my wishful sight'*; Rann (from Quartos), *'and thus disguis'd to greet my native land.'*

III. i. 17. *'wast,'* the reading of Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *'was.'*

III. i. 24. *'thee, sour adversity'*; Dyce's emendation; Folios, *'the sower Adversaries'*; Pope, *'these sour adversities'*; Clarke's Concordance, *'these sour adversaries'*; Delius, *'the sour adversities.'*

III. i. 55. *'thou that talk'st,'* etc.; Rowe's emendation; Quartos, *'thou that talkes,'* etc.; Folios, *'thou talk'st,'* etc.; Collier, *'thou talkest,'* etc.

III. i. 60. *'and that's enough'*; Rann (from Quartos), *'though not in shew.'*

III. i. 97. *'We charge you, in God's name, and the king's'*; *'You'*; Anon. conj., *'you now'* or *'you then'*; *'and the king's'*; Rowe, *'and in the king's.'*

III. ii. 2. *'Richard'*; the reading of Folios and Quartos; Pope (from Hall), *'John.'*

III. ii. 3. *'lands'*; Capell's correction (from Quartos); Folios, *'land.'*

III. ii. 6-7. *'In quarrel of the House of York,'* etc.; but in reality Sir John Grey fell in the second battle of St. Albans, fighting on the side of King Henry.

III. ii. 32. *'then'*; Quartos, *'them.'*

III. ii. 108. *''twas for shift'*; so Folios 1, 2; Folio 3 reads, *''twas for a shift'*; Folio 4, *'it was for a shift.'*

III. ii. 110. *'very sad'*; so Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'sad.'*

III. ii. 119. *'your prisoner'*; the reading of Folios; Capell (from Quartos), *'as prisoner'*; Id. conj., *'a prisoner.'*

III. ii. 143. *'Flattering me with impossibilities'*; Pope, *'Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible'*; (*'me'* = 'myself').

III. ii. 156. *'shrub'*; Quartos, *'shrimpe.'*

III. ii. 170. *'Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head'*; the reading of Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'Until this . . . head'*; Pope, *'Until the . . . head'*; Thirlby, *'Until the head of this mis-shapen trunk'*; Hanmer, *'Until the head this mis-shap'd trunk doth bear,'* etc.

III. ii. 193. *'the murderous Machiavel'*; Warburton (from Quartos), *'th' aspiring Catiline'*; Folios 1, 2, *'Macheuill'*; Folio 4, *'Matchevil.'*

III. iii. 3. *'while Lewis doth sit'*; Rowe, *'whiles Lewis sits'*; Pope, *'while Lewis sits.'*

III. iii. 11. *'seat'*; Walker conj. *'state.'*

III. iii. 42. *'waiteth on true sorrow'*; Warburton, *'waiting rues to-morrow.'*

III. iii. 45. *'Our'*; Collier MS., *'The'*; Vaughan conj. *'Proud.'*

III. iii. 75. *'thy'*; Johnson, *'thee.'*

III. iii. 96. *'thirty and six years'*; Quartos, *'thirtie and eight'*; the correct number, according to Malone.

III. iii. 124. *'an eternal plant'*; Warburton's emendation (from

Quartos); Folios read *'an externall p.'*; Hanmer, *'a perennial p.'*

III. iii. 127. *'Exempt from envy, but not from disdain'*; *i.e.* not liable to malice or hatred, altho' not secured from female disdain.

III. iii. 133. *'tempted'*; Vaughan, *'temper'd.'*

III. iii. 156. *'Warwick, peace'*; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'Warwick.'*

III. iii. 228. *'I'll,'* Capell (from Quartos); Folios read *'I.'*

III. iii. 233, 234. *'But, Warwick, Thou and Oxford, with five thousand men'*; Theobald, *'But, Warwick, Thyself and . . . men'*; Hanmer, *'But Warwick, thou Thyself and . . . men'*; Steevens, *'But Warwick, thou And . . . men'*; Collier MS., *'But, Warwick, thou And . . . warlike men'*; Keightley, *'But, Warwick, Thou and Lord . . . men'*; Anon. conj., *'But, Warwick, thou And . . . men of mine.'* Perhaps, as an anonymous scholar has suggested, the line should be read as an Alexandrine.

III. iii. 242. *'Mine eldest daughter'*; the reading of Folios (following Quartos); Theobald (from Holinshed), *'my younger d.'* It was, however, Anne, Warwick's second daughter, whom Edward married.

III. iii. 253. *'Shalt,'* the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'Shall.'*

IV. i. 13. *'our'*; Capell, *'your.'*

IV. i. 17. *'And shall'*; Rowe, *'And you shall'*; Walker, *'Ay and shall,'* or *'Marry, and shall.'*

IV. i. 41. *'But the safer'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Yes, but the safer'*; S. Walker conj. *'But then the safer'*; Keightley, *'Ay, but the safer'*; Anon. conj., *'But yet the safer'*; Vaughan, *'But all the safer'*; Folio 2, *'safter.'*

IV. i. 42. *'using'*; Vaughan, *'losing.'*

IV. i. 66. *'brother's'*; Rowe's emendation of Folios, *'Brothers'*; Anon. conj., *'brothers'.'*

IV. i. 73, 74. *'dislike . . . Doth'*; Folios, *'dislikes . . . Doth'*; Rowe, *'dislikes . . . Do.'*

IV. i. 89, 90. *'therefore, in brief, Tell me'*; Folio 1, *'Therefore, in briefe, tell me'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Therefore, in briefe, tell'*; Pope, *'So tell.'*

IV. i. 93. *'thy'*; Rowe (from Quartos); Folios, *'the.'*

IV. i. 118. *'elder . . . younger'*; Folios (from Quartos); Theobald, *'younger . . . elder.'*

IV. i. 126. *'the love'*; Pope, *'love.'*

IV. i. 128. *'Yet am I arm'd'*; Vaughan, *'Yet am I warn'd.'*

IV. ii. 12. *'Sweet Clarence'*; Pope, *'friend'*; Capell, *'Clarence.'* Many modern editions omit *'but.'*

IV. ii. 15. *'towns'*; Theobald (Thirlby conj.); Folios, *'town.'*

IV. ii. 21. It had been prophesied that if the horses of the Thracian Rhesus drank of the Xanthus and grazed on the Trojan plains, the Greeks would never take Troy. Wherefore Diomede and Ulysses killed him at night, and carried off his horses. *Vide* Iliad, x.; Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* xiii. 98-108, 249-252; Virgil, *Æneid,* i. 469-473.

IV. iii. 14. *'keeps'*; so Folios 3, 4; Folios 1, 2, *'keepes'*; Theobald, *'keepeth'*; Hanmer, *'keeps here'*; Vaughan, *'keeps out'*; Keightley, *'field here.'*

IV. iii. 15. *'more dangerous'*; so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'the more d.'*; Hanmer, *'dangerous.'*

IV. iii. 41. *'Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?'*; Pope, *'Brother of C., and art thou here too?'*; Capell, *'Yea, brother of C., and art thou here too?'*

IV. iii. 55. *'tell what answer'*; Pope, *'tell you what reply'*; Capell, *'tell his grace what answer'*; Keightley, *'tell him what answer'*; Anon. conj., *'tell the duke what answer'*; Dyce, *'tell him there what answer.'*

IV. iv. 11. *'new committed'*; Rowe, *'now committed.'*

IV. iv. 19. *'is it that makes me bridle passion'*; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, *'is it . . . my passion'*; Folio 4, *'is . . . my passion"*; Rowe, *'is it . . . in my passion'*; Pope, *'is't . . . in my passion'*; Vaughan, *'is it, makes . . . passion.'*

IV. v. 16. *'brc ther of Gloucester, Lord Hastings'*; Pope, *'brother Glo'ster, Hastings'*; Collier MS., *'brother of Gloster, Hastings.'*

IV. v. 21. *'Flanders'*; Vaughan suggests the addition of the words, *'as I guess.'*

IV. vi. 55. *'be confiscate'*; Malone's emendation; Folio 1, *'confiscate'*; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'confiscated.'*

IV. vii. 8. *Ravenspurgh,* the name of a sea-port in Yorkshire; the reading of Folios 2, 3, 4; Folio 1, *'Rauenspurre'*; Quartos 1, 3, *'Raunspur'*; *'Ravenspurgh haven before'*; Pope omits *'haven'*; Steevens conj. *'fore.'*

IV. vii. 30. *'A wise stout captain, and soon persuaded'*; *'captain'* probably trisyllabic; Keightley, *'I' faith, a wise'*; Collier MS., *'captain he'*; Delius (Lettsom conj.), *'capitain'*; Cartwright, *'captain, faith'*; Pope, *'persuaded soon.'*

IV. vii. 57. *'shall'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'should.'*

IV. viii. In the Folios, Somerset is named in the stage direction, though he had gone with young Richmond into Brittany. The mistake arose, as the Cambridge Eds. point out, from the Quartos, in which Scenes vi. and viii. form but one.

IV. viii. 2. *'hasty Germans'*; S. Walker, *'lusty'*; Cartwright, *'hardy.'*

IV. viii. 43. *'water-flowing tears'*; Capell, *'water-flowing eyes'*; Collier MS., *'bitter-flowing tears'*; Vaughan, *'wet o'er-flowing tears.'*

IV. viii. 61. *'hoped-for hay'*; Quartos, *'hope for haie'*; Malone proposed, altogether unnecessarily, to change the words to *'hope for aye.'*

V. i. 6. *'Daintry,'* popular pronunciation of Daventry.

V. i. 50. *'I had'*; Pope, *'I'd.'*

V. i. 73. *'Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset'*; "Edmund, slain at the battle of St. Alban's, 1455; and Henry, his son, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463" (Ritson).

V. i. 78. *'whom an'*; Rowe's emendation; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'whom, an'*; Folio 1, *'whom, in.'*

V. i. 86. *'That Clarence is'*; Steevens conj. *'Clarence, so harsh, so blunt'*; Quartos, *'so harsh'* (*so blunt* omitted); Collier conj. *'so harsh, so blind'*; Mitford, *'so harsh'* or *'so blunt'*; S. Walker, *'blunt-unnatural'*; Anon. conj., *'brute-unnatural.'*

V. i. 91. *'Jephthah's'*; Rowe, *'Jepthah's'*; Folios 1, 2, *'Iephah'*; Folios 3, 4, *'Jepthah.'*

V. ii. 44. *'clamour,'* Warburton's reading from Quartos; Folios, *'cannon.'*

V. ii. 47-49. The arrangement of the lines in the Quartos; they form three lines in Folios, and have been variously arranged by editors.

V. iii. 5. *'our glorious sun,'* alluding to the cognizance of Edward.

V. iv. 18. *'The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings'*; S. Walker, *'Our . . . our,'* or *'These . . . our,'* etc.; Cartwright, *'Our . . . the,'* etc.; Pope, *'tacklings still'*; Johnson, *'tackling still'*; *'tacklings'* is evidently trisyllabic in this passage.

V. iv. 75. *'mine eyes'*; Capell (from Quartos); Folios, *'my eye.'*

V. v. 1. *'Now here'*; the reading of Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4, *'Now here's'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'Lo, here.'*

V. v. 2. *'Hames'*; the reading of Quartos and Folios; *'Ham'* in Picardy; Rowe reads *'Hammes'*; Hanmer, *'Holmes'*; Capell, *'Hammes'*; Delius, *'Ham's.'*

V. v. 38. *'thou'*; Rowe (from Quarto 3); Folios (Quartos 1, 2), *'the.'*

V. v. 50. *'The Tower, the Tower'*; Capell's reading; Folios, *'Tower, the Tower'*; Theobald (from Quartos), *'The Tower, man, the Tower!—I'll root 'em out'*; Steevens, *'The Tower, man, Tower!'*

V. v. 77, 78. Steevens' reading, which is nearest to Quartos; Folio 1, *'Where is that devil's butcher, Richard? Hard favor'd Richard,'* etc.

V. vi. 20. *'fool'*; Seymour conj. (from Quartos) *'fowl.'*

V. vi. 41. *'Men for their sons, wives for their husbands'*; Anon. conj. (from Quartos), *'Wives for their husbands, fathers for their sons'*; Folio 1, *'sonnes, . . . husbands'*; Folio 2, *'sonnes, . . . husbands fate'*; Folios 3, 4, *'sons . . . husbands fate'*; Warburton, *'sons . . . husbands' fate'*; Knight, *'sons' . . . husbands,'* etc.

V. vi. 45. *'aboding luckless time'*; Quartos, *'aboding . . . tune'*; Theobald, *'a boding . . . tune.'*

V. vi. 48. *'discords'*; Grant White (from Quartos), *'discord.'*

V. vi. 51. *'To wit, an indigested and deformed lump'*; Capell (from Quartos), *'to wit an indigest deformed lump'*; Dyce (Capell conj.) omits *'to wit.'*

V. vi. 79. After this line, Theobald inserts from Quartos, *"I had no father, I am like no father.'*

V. vii. 30. The Camb. editor quotes from Steevens:—"In my copy of the second Folio, which had belonged to King Charles the First, his Majesty has erased *Cla.* and written *King* in its stead. Shakespeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his restorers, may boast a Royal name."

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

9. The circumstances of old Clifford's death are here stated as they really were. The historical discrepancies in these plays have already been frequently pointed out. Of course the personal fight of York and Clifford in the former play was for dramatic effect; and here the author probably fell back upon the historical facts without thinking of his preceding fiction.

14. *brother*:—In this play York and Montague are made to address each other several times as *brothers*. Perhaps the dramatist thought that John Neville, Marquess of Montague, was brother to York's wife, whereas he was her nephew. Montague was brother to the Earl of Warwick; and the Duchess of York was half-sister to their father, the Earl of Salisbury.

105. *Thy father was . . . Duke of York*:—His father was *not* Duke of York, but Earl of Cambridge, and even that title was forfeited, leaving this duke plain Richard Plantagenet, until he was advanced by the King. Accordingly, Exeter has said, a few lines before, "He *made* thee Duke of York." So that here we have another discrepancy, and that in the same Scene.

190. They go away, not because they doubt the justice of this determination, but because they have been conquered, and seek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but passion.

204. *reconciled*:—The terms of this compromise are thus given in Hall and Holinshed: "After long debating of the matter

amongest the peeres, prelats, and commons, upon the vigill of Allsaints it was condescended, for so much as King Henrie had beene taken as king by the space of thirtie and eight yeares and more, that he should injoy the name and title of king, and have possession of the realme during his naturall life. And if he either died, or resigned, or forfeited the same by breaking or going against anie point of this concord, then the said crowne and authoritie roiall should immediately be devoluted and come to the Duke of Yorke, if he then lived; or else to the next heire of his linage. And that the Duke of Yorke from thense foorth should be protectour and regent of the land."

239. *Falconbridge*:—This was Thomas, natural son of William Neville Lord Falconbridge, who was uncle to Warwick and Montague. He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned.

272. *cousin*:—Henry Holland, this Duke of Exeter, was cousin german to the King, his grandfather, John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon and Duke of Exeter in the time of Richard II., having married Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter to John of Ghent by his first wife. The earldom of Huntingdon was his inheritance, and he was created Duke of Exeter in 1444.

Scene II.

22, 23. "The obligation of an oath is here avoided," says Johnson, "by a very despicable sophistry. A lawful magistrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magistrate. The plea against the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain a usurper (taken from the unlawfulness of the oath itself), in the foregoing play, was rational and just."

59. From the hollow reconciliation signified in the foregoing Scene, both parties went directly to preparing for war. The battle of Wakefield followed soon after.

Scene III.

39. *ere I was born*:—Edmund, Earl of Rutland, was born May 17, 1443; the battle of Saint Alban's, where Clifford's father was killed, took place May 22, 1455. At that time, therefore, Rutland

was in his thirteenth year, and in his eighteenth at the time of his death, December 30, 1460. However, Hall and Holinshed make him to have been seven at the former time and twelve at the latter. The *one son* of the Lord Clifford here was named Henry, and, says Holinshed, "was brought up with a sheepheard in poore habit, ever in feare to be knowne, till King Henrie the seventh obteined the crowne, by whom he was restored to his name and possessions." He is the subject of Wordsworth's *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle.* This grand lyric closes thus:—

> "Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth;
> The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more;
> And, ages after he was laid in earth,
> 'The good Lord Clifford' was the name he bore."

47. *therefore, die*:—This savage slaughter of Rutland is thus related by Hall: "Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspall, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young Earl of Rutland, perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for himself and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field, by the Lord Clifford's band, towards the town: but ere he could enter into a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. The young gentleman, dismayed, had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance; for his speech was gone for fear. Save him, said his chaplain, for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the Lord Clifford marked him, and said, By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so I will do thee and all thy kin: and with that word he struck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had said and done."

Scene IV.

1 *et seq.* The story of the battle here described by York is thus told by the chronicler: "The Duke of Summerset and the Queenes part appointed the Lord Clifford to lie in one stale, and the Earle of Wiltshire in another, and the duke with the other to keepe the maine battell. The Duke of Yorke descended downe the hill in good order and arraie; but when he was in the plaine betweene his castell and the towne of Wakefield, he was in-

vironed on everie side, like fish in a net, so that, though he fought manfullie, yet was he within halfe an houre slaine, and his whole armie discomfited."

108. *do him dead*:—The piece of exquisite inhumanity, which furnished the basis of this scene, is thus narrated by the chroniclers: "The same Lord Clifford came to the place where the dead corpse of the Duke of Yorke laie, caused his head to be striken off, and set on it a crowne of paper, fixed it on a pole, and presented it to the Queene, not lieng farre from the field, in great despite; at which great rejoising was showed: but they laughed then that shortlie after lamented, and were glad then of other mens deaths, that knew not their owne to be so neere at hand." Thus far Holinshed copies Hall, and then adds the following: "Some write that the duke was taken alive, and in derision caused to stand upon a molehill; on whose head they put a garland in steed of a crowne, which they had fashioned and made of serges or bulrushes; and, having so crowned him, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jewes did unto Christ, in scorne, saieng to him, 'Haile, king without rule, haile, king without heritage, haile, duke and prince without people or possessions.' And at length, having thus scorned him with these and diverse other the like despiteful words, they stroke off his head, which they presented to the Queene."

180. "After this victorie," says Holinshed, "the Earle of Salisburie and all the prisoners were sent to Pomfret, and there beheaded; whose heads, togither with the Duke of Yorkes head, were conveied to Yorke, and there set on poles over the gate of the city."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

25. *three suns*:—The battle of Mortimer's Cross took place February 2, 1461, and the event of the text is spoken of by the chroniclers as having happened on the morning of that day: "At which time the sunne, as some write, appeared to the Earle of March like three sunnes, and suddenlie joined altogither in one. Upon which sight he tooke such courage, that he fiercelie setting on his enimies put them to flight: and for this cause men imagined, that he gave the sunne in his full brightnesse for his badge or cognizance."

27. *racking*:—The original of this word is *reek*. *Rack*, noun, however, formerly meant the highest and therefore lightest clouds; and perhaps the verb is here used in the sense of the noun. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xiv. 9, 10: "That which is now a horse, even with a thought the *rack* dislimns and makes it indistinct."

48, 49. *O, speak no more*, etc.:—The generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death.

141. The second battle of Saint Alban's, of which Warwick here tells the story, took place February 17, 1461. The account is for the most part historically true. Of course it will be understood that the king was at that time in the keeping of those who were really fighting against him, though nominally with his sanction; and the effect of the battle was to release him from their hands, and restore him to his friends, who under the leading of the Queen were seeking to break up the compromise that had been forced through in the late Parliament.

142 *et seq.* This is slightly at variance with fact. The dramatist anticipates. York's sons, George and Richard, the one being then in his twelfth year, the other in his ninth, were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return till Edward had taken the crown. And the Duchess of Burgundy was not their *aunt*, but their third cousin.

Scene II.

73, 74. *I would your highness*, etc.:—Hall tells us that the Queen was "fortunate in hir two battels, but unfortunate was the King in all his enterprises; for where his person was present the victorie fled ever from him to the other part."

Scene III.

[*A field of battle*, etc.] Soon after the second battle of Saint Alban's, Edward, coming fresh from his victory at Mortimer's Cross, united his forces with those under Warwick and Montague, and marched straight to London, which he knew was altogether of his faction. A few days later, a great council being held, it was resolved that Henry, by joining the Queen's forces, had broken the late compact, and forfeited the crown to Edward, the heir to

Richard late Duke of York. Edward then made harangues to the people, who with shouts and acclamations, ratified the sentence of the council; whereupon he was proclaimed King. This was done March 4, 1461. The 12th of the same month he started northward with a large army, intending to finish the war at one stroke. "King Henrie," says Holinshed, "having his armie in readinesse, committed the governance thereof to the Duke of Summerset, the Earle of Northumberland, and the Lord Clifford, as men desiring to revenge the death of their parents, slaine at the first battell at saint Albons."

15. *Thy brother's blood*:—"The Lord Clifford," according to Holinshed, "determined to make a charge upon them that kept the passage of Ferrybridge; and so he departed with his light horsemen, and earlie, yer his enimies were aware, slue the keepers, and wan the bridge. The lord Fitz Walter, hearing the noise, suddenlie rose out of his bed, and, thinking it had been a fraie amongst his men, came downe to appease the same; but yer he knew what the matter meant was slaine, and with him *the bastard of Salisburie, brother to the Earle of Warwicke.*"

24. *I'll kill my horse,* etc.:—Holinshed says that "when the Earle of Warwicke was informed" of the affair treated in the preceding note, "like a man desperat, he mounted on his hacknie, and hasted puffing and blowing to King Edward, saieng, 'Sir, I praie God have mercie of their soules, which in the beginning of your enterprise have lost their lives.' With that he lighted downe, and slue his horse with his sword, saieng, 'Let him flee that will, for surelie I will tarrie with him that will tarrie with me.'"

Scene V.

3. *blowing of his nails*:—This seems to have been a mode of whiling away one's time, when one could do nothing else or had nothing else to do.

5 *et seq.* So in Holinshed: "This deadlie conflict continued ten houres in doubtfull state of victorie, uncertainlie heaving and setting on both sides."

21 *et seq.* "This speech," says Johnson, "is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the King, and makes a pleasing interchange by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity." There are preserved some verses attributed to King

27. *racking*:—The original of this word is *reek*. *Rack*, noun, however, formerly meant the highest and therefore lightest clouds; and perhaps the verb is here used in the sense of the noun. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. xiv. 9, 10: "That which is now a horse, even with a thought the *rack* dislimns and makes it indistinct."

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Henry VI. which are in a strain of the same pensive moralizing character. They are here subjoined, that the reader may compare them with the congenial thoughts the dramatist has attributed to him:—

"Kingdoms are but cares;
State is devoid of stay;
Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay.

Pleasure is a privy game,
Which vice doth still provoke;
Pomp unprompt; and fame a flame;
Power a smouldering smoke.

Who meaneth to remove the rock
Out of his slimy mud,
Shall mire himself, and hardly scape
The swelling of the flood."

77, 78. *let our hearts,* etc.:—Johnson's interpretation of this is probably right: "The state of their *hearts and eyes* shall be like that of the kingdom in a civil war; all shall be destroyed by a power formed within themselves." Of course these instances of unwitting parricide and filicide are meant to illustrate generally the horrors of this civil war. They were suggested, no doubt, by a passage in Hall concerning the battle of Towton: "This conflict was in manner unnatural, for in it the son fought against the father, the brother against the brother, the nephew against the uncle, and the tenant against his lord."

139. The great battle of Towton was fought March 29, 1461, the day after the action at Ferrybridge. Its effect was to fix the crown on the brow of Edward. Holinshed's account of it is mainly copied from Hall: "This battell was sore foughten, for hope of life was set aside on either part, and taking of prisoners proclaimed a great offense; so everie man determined to vanquish or die in the field. But in the end King Edward so couragiouslie comforted his men, that the other part was discomfitted and overcome; who, like men amazed, fled toward Tadcaster bridge to save themselves, where in the mid waie is a little brooke called Cocke, not verie broad, but of great deepnesse, in which, what for hast to escape, and what for feare of their followers, a great number was drowned. It was reported that men alive passed the river upon dead carcasses, and that the great river of Wharfe whereinto

that brooke dooth run, and all the water comming from Towton, was coloured with bloud. The chase continued all night and the most part of the next daie, and ever the northerne men, as they saw anie advantage, returned againe, and fought with their enimies, to the great losse of both parts. For in these two daies were slaine, as they that knew it wrote, on both parts six and thirtie thousand seven hundred threescore and sixteene persons, all Englishmen and of one nation."

Scene VI.

[*Enter Clifford, wounded.*] In the old play the stage direction adds, *with an arrow in his neck.* It is thought that Beaumont and Fletcher ridiculed this by introducing Ralph, the grocer's prentice, in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* with *a forked arrow through his head.* The circumstance is related by Holinshed: "The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget, suddenlie with an arrow (as some saie) without a head, was striken into the *throte,* and immediately rendered his spirit."

56-59. *Bring forth . . . speak*:—In the Quarto this speech stands thus:—

> "Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
> That nothing sung to us but blood and death:
> Now his evil-boding tongue no more shall speak."

So in *Richard III.,* IV. iv. 509: "Out on you, *owls! nothing but songs of death?*"

77-84. *What, not an oath,* etc.:—This most characteristic speech is but slightly altered from the Quarto: "Could such a union of sarcastic humour and bloody-thoughtedness," asks Hudson, "have sprung from any but the author of Richard's character as developed in the play which bears his name?"

85, 86. *off with the traitor's head,* etc.:—So the chroniclers: "After this great victorie, King Edward rode to Yorke; and first he caused the heads of his father, the Earle of Salisburie, and other his freends, to be taken from the gates, and to be buried with their bodies, and there he caused the Earle of Devonshire and three other to be beheaded, and set their heads in the same place."

107. *Gloucester's dukedom is too ominous*:—Holinshed, after

Hall, winds up the story of "the good Duke Humphrey's" death with the following: "Some thinke that the name and title of Glocester hath beene unluckie to diverse, as Hugh Spenser, Thomas of Woodstoke, and this Duke Humfrie; which three persons by miserable death finished their daies, and after them King Richard the Third also. So that this name is taken for an unhappie stile, as the proverb speaketh of Sejans horsse, whose rider was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

9. *for the time . . . tedious*:—That—or in order that—the time may not seem tedious: a mode of expression often found in the old writers.

13. [*Enter King Henry*, etc.] The dramatist here leaps over something more than four years of military and parliamentary slaughter. After the battle of Towton the King fled into Scotland, and from thence sent the Queen and the Prince to France. In October, 1463, the Queen returned to Scotland with a small power of men, and soon after, having obtained a great company of Scots, she entered England with the King. At first the Lancastrian cause had a gleam of success, but was again crushed at the battle of Hexham, in April, 1464. After this overthrow the King escaped a second time into Scotland; and it was upon his second return in June, 1465, that he was taken, somewhat as is represented in this Scene. Such, at least, is the account given by Hall and Holinshed.

23. *let's seize upon him*:—We have already mentioned the taking of King Henry. Lingard probably has the truth of the matter. His account differs from that of the chroniclers. He tells us that after the battle of Hexham the King "sought an asylum among the natives of Lancashire and Westmoreland, a people sincerely devoted to his interests. Their fidelity enabled him for more than a year to elude the vigilance and researches of the government; but he was at last betrayed by the perfidy of a monk of Abingdon, and taken by the servants of Sir James Harrington, as he sat at dinner in Waddington hall in Yorkshire. At Islington he was met by Warwick, who ordered that no one should show him any respect, tied his feet to the stirrups as a

prisoner, led him thrice round the pillory, and conducted him to the Tower. There he was treated with humanity, but kept in the most rigorous confinement for some years."

53, 54. *O Margaret,* etc.:—"The piety of Henry," observes Steevens, "scarce interests us more for his misfortunes than this his constant solicitude for the welfare of his deceitful Queen."

Scene II.

1-7. This seems a very needless departure from fact. Grey's lands were not seized by the Queen, who conquered in the second battle of Saint Alban's, where he fell, but by King Edward after the victory at Towton. Shakespeare has the matter correctly in *Richard III.,* I. iii.:—

> "In all which time you and your husband Grey
> Were factious for the house of Lancaster;
> And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
> In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?"

117. *Her suit is granted*:—The first meeting of Edward with the lady Elizabeth is thus noted in the *Chronicles*: "The King, being on hunting in the forest of Wichwood beside Stonistratford, came for his recreation to the manor of Grafton, where the Duchesse of Bedford then sojourned, wife to Sir Richard Woodvile Lord Rivers, on whome was then attendant a daughter of hirs, called the Ladie Elizabeth Graie, widow of Sir John Graie knight, slaine at the last battell of saint Albons. This widow, having a sute to the King for such lands as hir husband had given hir in jointure, so kindled the Kings affections, that he not onelie favoured hir sute, but more hir person. For she was a woman of a more formall countenance, than of excellent beautie; and yet both of such beautie and favour, that with hir sober demeanour, sweete looks, and comelie smiling, neither too wanton nor too bashfull, besides hir pleasant toong and trim wit, she so alured and made subject unto hir the heart of that great prince, that, after she had denied him to be his paramour, with so good maner, and words so well set as better could not be devised, he finallie resolved with himselfe to marrie hir, not asking counsell of anie man, till they might perceive it was no bootie to advise him to the contrarie of that his purpose."

124 *et seq.* This speech of Gloucester's is a great enlargement

and improvement upon the Quarto. Nevertheless, the most characteristic parts are found there, insomuch that no one, it should seem, can well avoid the conclusion, that the original form of the speech could have come from none other than the delineator of the full-grown Richard. But the reader may judge for himself:—

> Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
> Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
> That from his loins no issue might succeed,
> To hinder me from the golden time I look for:
> For I am not yet look'd on in the world.
> First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry,
> And his son, and all they look for issue
> Of their loins, ere I can plant myself:
> A cold premeditation for my purpose!
> What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
> I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
> And lull myself within a lady's lap,
> And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
> O, monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
> Why, love did scorn me in my mother's womb;
> And, for I should not deal in her affairs,
> She did corrupt frail nature in the flesh,
> And plac'd an envious mountain on my back,
> Where sits deformity to mock my body;
> To dry mine arm up like a wither'd shrimp;
> To make my legs of an unequal size.
> And am I, then, a man to be belov'd?
> Easier for me to compass twenty crowns.
> But! I can smile, and murder when I smile;
> I cry, content, to that which grieves me most,
> I can add colours to the chameleon;
> And for a need change shapes with Proteus,
> And set the aspiring Catiline to school.
> Can I do this, and cannot get the crown?
> Tush! were it ten times higher, I 'll pull it down."

161. *an unlick'd bear-whelp*:—Johnson tells us that "it was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of flesh, which she licks into the form of bears."

166, 167. *to o'erbear*, etc.:—"Richard," says Johnson, "speaks here the language of nature. . . . The truth is, that the de-

formed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt."

193. *Machiavel*:—The anachronism is repeated here which occurs in 1 *Henry VI.*, V. iv. 74. The writers of Shakespeare's time frequently had this allusion.

Scene III.

44. [*Enter Warwick.*] The part which Warwick is made to act in this Scene, though amply justified by the *Chronicles*, seems to have little or no foundation in fact. The king was privately married to the Lady Elizabeth Grey, May 1, 1464, and there was no open rupture between him and Warwick till the fall of 1468, though the elements had long been secretly preparing for a storm. The causes that finally set the earl so fiercely against his royal creature are clouded in mystery; perhaps, as has been said, "we need seek no further than that jealousy and ingratitude which is too often experienced in those who are under obligations too great to be discharged."

103. *done to death*:—This was during Edward's first Parliament, in 1461, and is thus mentioned in the *Chronicles*: "The Earle of Oxford, far striken in age, and his sonne and heire, the Lord Awbreie Veer, either through malice of their enimies, or for that they had offended the King, were both, with diverse of their counsellors, attainted and put to execution; which caused John Earle of Oxford ever after to rebell."

105. *door of death*:—This passage brings to mind that fine image of old age in Sackville's *Mirror for Magistrates*: "His withered fist still knocking at death's door."

187. *his death*:—This is erroneous. Salisbury was wounded and taken prisoner by the Lancastrians in the battle of Wakefield; was soon after beheaded, and his head, along with York's, set upon the gates of York.

188. *the abuse done to my niece*:—"King Edward," says Holinshed, "did attempt a thing once in the earles house, which was much against the earles honestie, (whether he would have deflowred his daughter or his *neece*, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed,) for surely such a thing was attempted by King Edward."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

56, 57. *you would not have bestowed the heir,* etc.:—Formerly minors coming into possession of great estates were in the wardship of the King, who often *bestowed* them on his favourites, or in other words gave them up to plunder, and afterwards disposed of them in marriage as he pleased.

58. *your brothers*:—The King's advancement of his wife's family is thus mentioned by Holinshed: "Hir father was created earle Rivers, and made high constable of England: hir brother, Lord Anthonie, was married to the sole heire of Thomas Lord Scales: Sir Thomas Graie, sonne to Sir John Graie, the Queens first husband, was created Marquesse of Dorset, and married to Cicelie, heire to the Lord Bonville." In fact, however, the Queen's son Thomas was married to Anne, the King's niece, daughter and heiress to the Duke of Exeter. These things were done in the spring of 1465, the King's marriage having been publicly acknowledged a short time before, and the Queen having been introduced at court and crowned.

70. *not ignoble*:—Her father was Sir Richard Woodville, afterwards Earl of Rivers; her mother Jaquetta, Duchess Dowager of Bedford, who was daughter of Peter of Luxemburg, earl of St. Paul, and widow of John Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V.

118-123. *Belike the elder,* etc.:—Johnson has remarked upon the actual improbability of Clarence making this speech in the King's hearing. When the Earl of Essex attempted to raise a rebellion in the city, with a design, as was supposed, to storm the Queen's palace, he ran about the streets with his sword drawn, crying out, "They that love me follow me."

Scene III.

51 *et seq.* This capture of Edward is related by the chroniclers as having taken place in the latter part of 1469. Thus Holinshed: "After the battell at Hedgecote, commonlie called Banberie field, the northerne men resorted toward Warwike, where the earle had gathered a great multitude of people. The King in this meane time had assembled his power, and was comming toward the earle, who, being advertised thereof, sent to the Duke of Clarence, requiring him to come and joine with him. The duke being not

farre off, with all speed repaired to the earle, and so they joined their powers together, upon secret knowledge had, that the King tooke small heed to himselfe, nothing doubting anie outward attempt of his enimies. The earle, intending not to leese such opportunitie, in the dead of the night, with an elect companie of men, set on the Kings field, killing them that kept the watch, and yer the King was ware, at a place called Wolnie, he was taken prisoner and brought to the castell of Warwike. And, to the intent his friends should not know what was become of him, the earle caused him by secret journies in the night to be conveied to Middleham castell in Yorkeshire, and there to be kept under the custodie of the Archbishop of Yorke, and other his freends in those parties."

Scene V.

13. *set him free*:—So in Holinshed: "King Edward, being thus in captivitie, spake ever faire to the archbishop, and to his other keepers, so that he had leave diverse daies to go hunt. Now on a daie, when he was thus abrode, there met with him Sir William Stanlie and diverse other of his friends, with such a great band of men, that neither his keepers would nor once durst move him to returne unto prison againe. After that he was once at libertie, he came to Yorke, where he was joifullie received, and taried there two daies; but when he perceived he could get no armie togither in that countrie, he turned to Lancaster, where he found his chamberlaine the Lord Hastings well accompanied, by whose aid he came safelie to London." "By modern writers," says Lingard, "the captivity of Edward has been scornfully rejected. But they should have accounted for the mention which is made of it by almost every writer of the age, whether foreigner or native. There is a record which places the imprisonment beyond a doubt, the attainder of Clarence, in which the King enumerates it among his offences: 'as in jupartyng the King's royall estate, persone and life *in straite warde*, putting him thereby from all his libertie, aftre procurying grete commocions.'"

Scene VI.

67. *young Henry*:—This "young Henry," then in his tenth year, was son to Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter and heir to John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset. The groundwork of the present representation was furnished by the chroniclers.

Scene VII.

[*King Edward.*] In October, 1470, about a year after his escape from York, Edward, having failed in several schemes for recovering his power, embarked from Lynn, and sought refuge with the Duke of Burgundy, who had lately been married to his sister. Being there fitted out with a fleet and fifteen hundred men, he returned to England, and landed at Ravenspurgh, the same place where Bolingbroke had come on a similar errand in 1399. In less than two months after his landing, Edward was again on the throne: but his course was one of inexpressible perfidy; "still bruiting that his comming was not to chalenge the crowne, but onelie the duchie of Yorke"; and when at last, on this ground, he was let into the city of York, he "received the sacrament, and there solemnlie sware to keepe and observe two speciall articles—the one, that he should use the citizens after a gentle and courteous maner, the other, that he should be faithfull and obedient unto King Henries commandments."

Scene VIII.

52. *Henry*:—On this occasion Henry was betrayed into the hands of Edward by the Archbishop of York, in whose care he had been left by Warwick. On the morning of April 11th, 1471, the archbishop, who was brother to Warwick, had Henry out to an official ride through the streets of London, and in the evening he gave orders for Edward to be admitted by a postern. The excuse which he alleged was, that he found the city bent on having Edward for their king. Henry, however, was not remanded to the Tower till after his cause was again crushed in the battle of Barnet.

60, 61. *The sun shines hot*, etc.:—The allusion is to the proverb "Make hay while the sun shines."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

28. *Duke of York*:—Hudson says that in this play and in the one preceding "the character of Richard is set forth in the processes of development and formation; whereas in *Richard III.* we

have little else than the working-out of his character as already formed. In Shakespeare's time the prevailing idea of Richard was derived from the history of his life and reign, put forth by Sir Thomas More, but supposed to have been partly written by Dr. John Morton, himself a part of the subject. More's *History*, as it is commonly called, was adopted by both Hall and Holinshed."

Scene II.

11-13. *cedar . . . slept*:—These lines bring to mind the well-known words of Ezekiel, xxxi. 6: "All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young."

28. *die we must*:—The great Earl of Warwick fell in the battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471. The chroniclers relate that "the Earle of Warwike, when his souldiers were all wearied with long fight, and sore weakened with woundes and hurts, rushed into the middest of his enimies, whereas he, adventuring so farre from his companie to slea his adversaries, that he could not be rescued, was amongst the preasse of his enimies striken downe and slaine."

44. *clamour in a vault*:—Steevens remarks that the indistinct gabble of undertakers, while they adjust a coffin in a family vault, will abundantly illustrate this simile; and he adds that such a peculiar hubbub of inarticulate sounds might have attracted the author's notice.

Scene IV.

9. *to that which hath too much*:—So Jaques moralizing upon the weeping stag, as told in *As You Like It*, II. i.:—

> "Thou makest a testament
> As worldlings do, *giving thy sum of more*
> *To that which had too much.*"

Scene V.

3. *Somerset*:—The battle of Tewksbury was fought May 4, 1471. Two days after, the Duke of Somerset, with other fugitives, was dragged from sanctuary and beheaded. The Queen and the Prince had been in France for some time, seeking aid, and landed in England the very day of the battle of Barnet. We are

told that when the Queen got news of that disaster, "all her hopes were instantly broken: she sank to the ground in despair; and, as soon as she came to herself, hastened with her son to the sanctuary of Beaulieu. But the Lancastrian lords who still remained faithful to her cause induced her to quit her asylum, and raised a considerable body of troops to fight under her banner." While these were on the march to join another army in Wales, they were intercepted by Edward at Tewksbury, and there finished.

25. *Æsop*:—He calls Richard Æsop on account of his crookedness; and Richard here betrays the same morbid sensitiveness touching his person which afterwards makes him "descant on his own deformity." This passage, being the same in the Quarto, is aptly cited as inferring an identity of authorship running through the whole delineation of Richard.

40. Prince Edward was born October 13, 1453; so that he was in his eighteenth year when killed. The *Chronicles* give the following account of his death: "After the field was ended, proclamation was made, that whosoever could bring foorth Prince Edward, alive or dead, should have an annuitie of a hundred pounds during his life, and the Princes life to be saved, if he were brought foorth alive. Sir Richard Crofts, nothing mistrusting the Kings promise, brought foorth his prisoner Prince Edward, being a faire and well proportioned yoong gentleman; whom when King Edward had well advised, he demanded of him how he durst so presumptuouslie enter into his realme with banner displayed. Whereunto the Prince boldlie answered, saieng, 'To recover my fathers kingdome and heritage, from his father and grandfather to him, and from him after him to me lineallie descended.' At which words King Edward said nothing, but with his hand thrust him from him, or, as some saie, stroke him with his gauntlet; whome, incontinentlie, George Duke of Clarence, Richard Duke of Gloucester, Thomas Greie Marquesse Dorcet, and William Lord Hastings, that stood by, suddenlie murthered; for the which cruell act the more part of the dooers in their latter daies dranke of the like cup, by the righteous justice and due punishment of God."

Scene VI.

[*King Henry and Gloucester.*] This Scene, whether considered in itself or in reference to the play of *Richard III.*, affords a most important test of the probabilities of authorship. It is acknowledged to be the most Shakespearian in style of anything in the

whole play; while, in characterization, its identity with what nobody doubts to be Shakespeare's is, in the opinion of able commentators, too manifest to be shirked or dodged. In short, if in this play there be any one thing more than another, which nobody but Shakespeare could have written, this undoubtedly is that thing. Comparison with the Quarto shows that no material change or addition was made in the Folio.

60. [*Dies.*] The following is Holinshed's account of Henry's death: "Here is to be remembered, that poore King Henrie the sixt, a little before deprived of his realme and imperiall crowne, was now in the Tower spoiled of his life by Richard Duke of Glocester, as the constant fame ran; who, to the intent that his brother King Edward might reigne in more suretie, murthered the said King Henrie with a dagger. Howbeit, some writers of that time, favouring altogither the house of Yorke, have recorded that after he understood what losses had chanced unto his freends, and how not onelie his sonne, but also all other his cheefe partakers were dead and despatched, he tooke it so to hart, that of pure displeasure, indignation, and melancholie, he died the three and twentith of Maie."

85. *sort a pitchy day*:—Pick out or select a dark or fateful day.

Scene VII.

25. *Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute*:—Gloucester must be understood to touch his head at the first phrase, and to look significantly at his hand as he utters the second.

Questions on 3 Henry VI.

ACT FIRST.

1. What is significant in Richard Plantagenet's part in Sc. i.?

2. What power does Warwick here assert that gave him the title of King-maker?

3. What place does York occupy in the Parliament-house when the King enters?

4. Does the King's weakness inspire pity? How does he defend his title to the crown? Was his vacillation foreshadowed in the characters of his father and grandfather?

5. What is his compact with York for securing peace? What is the consequent effect upon his adherents?

6. Why does Exeter not join in the indignation of the others?

7. How does Henry behave at the approach of the Queen? Does the tide of sympathy turn in her favour? What effect does her indignation produce?

8. Had she been a woman of higher character, are there not here materials for a splendid tragic figure?

9. What early indications does Richard Plantagenet give of his unmoral nature? What mental qualities does he show in Sc. ii.?

10. What event gives York color of excuse for breaking his oath?

11. Do you note any resemblance between Rutland and the King? What æsthetic fitness do you see in the death of Rutland?

12. How is the battle described in Sc. iv.? What is foreshadowed in lines 35-39?

13. Characterize Margaret's speech to the captured York. How nearly right was York in estimating her character?

14. How does the hardness of Margaret's nature show in comparison of her with Northumberland?

ACT SECOND.

15. Show the difference between the mental traits of Edward and Richard Plantagenet as exhibited in their seeing of the por-

tent; in their reception of the messenger; in their determination after receiving news of their father's death.

16. What further news does Warwick bring? How does Richard comment on the tale of Warwick?

17. How does Henry receive the news of the death of York? What is the effect upon him of Clifford's long address in Sc. ii.? What does Clifford need to make him a tragic figure?

18. How and when does Edward demand the crown of Henry?

19. How is Richard always addressed by his enemies? Was it his personal deformity only that made him odious?

20. With what do Edward and George taunt Margaret at the close of Sc. ii.? Are their protestations sincere?

21. What tide in the fortunes of the Plantagenets does Sc. iii. exhibit? What state of mind does it induce in Richard?

22. What is the effect of the mournful speech of the King (Sc. v.) set amidst the scenes of battle and ferocious quarrelling of the barons? Does it secure for the King feelings of sympathy as well as of pity?

23. Show how the two special instances exhibited in Sc. v. illustrate the horrors of civil war.

24. Does the last hope of the King's party perish with Clifford?

25. To what does Warwick next address himself?

26. Why does Richard object to being Duke of Gloucester?

ACT THIRD.

27. Where in other plays has Shakespeare used a touch of reality similar to that in Sc. i. 10: *I'll tell thee what befel me on a day*?

28. What brings Henry out of Scotland, where he had been confined? What line of *Richard II.* does line 17 recall?

29. How does the King express solicitude for his queen?

30. How does Henry argue his rights as king with the Keepers?

31. What can you argue for the new king's rule from Sc. ii., the first in which he is represented as king?

32. Has Richard, before his soliloquy in Sc. ii., given indications of his desire for the crown? Why is a full-length portrait given of him and none of Edward?

33. Comment on Richard's intellectual qualities; his imagination; his ambition.

34. What is Margaret's errand (Sc. iii.) at the court of France?
35. On what mission does Warwick come?
36. How does Margaret oppose the suit of King Edward?
37. How and why does King Lewis decide between Margaret and Warwick?
38. Does the entrance of the Post make an effective dramatic situation? Aside from this, does the play contain anything essentially dramatic?
39. Is the act of Edward sufficient to cause the direful consequences of foreign and civil strife? What is implied of moral degeneration that makes possible such conditions?

ACT FOURTH.

40. What disaffection begins to develop in the court of Edward?
41. Upon him what is the effect of the French king's enmity and of Warwick's foresworn allegiance?
42. What alliance brings Clarence over to the side of Henry?
43. What ebb in the fortunes of King Edward does Sc. iii. present? Are his shortcomings accurately estimated by Warwick?
44. What contrasts in maternal affection are presented in the case of the two queens, Margaret and Elizabeth?
45. How is King Edward rescued from imprisonment?
46. In Sc. vi. how does Henry report concerning his imprisonment? Whom does he designate protectors after his abdication?
47. What does he say of Richmond? What does Richmond afterward become?
48. Where is he sent for safety after the news of Edward's escape reaches the King's party?
49. What is the presage of Edward's hesitation (Sc. vii.) in reassuming the kingship at York? Who is the strong man of his party?
50. How (Sc. viii.) are Henry's suggestions regarded by the council? Does Henry show himself to have been taught anything by his hard experiences?

ACT FIFTH.

51. What leads to the defection of Clarence from Warwick? How does Warwick end his life?
52. What traits does Prince Edward display in Sc. v.? Does

his fate awaken pity? Is there felt to be any chance that the fortunes of the house of Lancaster could be revived through him?

53. Does Margaret become noble in her grief?

54. Does Henry ever exceed the pitch of powerful expression to which he rises in Sc. vi.?

55. How is the succeeding play foreshadowed in the speeches of Henry and of Gloucester?

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56. Is King Henry VI., as presented in this trilogy, to be judged as one morally responsible for the evils of civil war with which his reign was filled?

57. Contrast Henry VI. with the two weak kings that Shakespeare has drawn—John and Richard II. Are they not distinct in their characterization?

58. In more favourable times could Henry have been an efficient king? Was his weakness congenital?

59. Is he more to be admired, as Hazlitt says, than his queen?

60. Who of all that time was most suitable to be king? Wherein lay the incapacity of Gloucester?

61. Was Warwick ruled so much by patriotic as by personal feeling?

62. Does the growing personality of Richard Duke of Gloucester serve to point to a means of salvation for the kingdom?

63. Do the Cade scenes indicate that the dramatist wishes to state the case of democracy as an alternative?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Preface.

The Early Editions. In 1609 two quarto editions of *Troilus and Cressida* were issued, with the following title-pages:—

(i.) "The | Historie of Troylus | and Cresseida. | *As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties* | seruants at the globe. | *Written by* William Shakespeare. | LONDON | Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and | are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules | Church-yeard, ouer against the | great North doore. | 1609."*

(ii.) The | Famous Historie of Troylus *and* Cresseid. | *Excellently expressing the* beginning | of their loues, with the conceited wooing | of *Pandarus* Prince of *Licia*. | *Written by* William Shakespeare. | LONDON | Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and | are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules | Church-yeard, ouer against the | great North doore. | 1609. |

The text is identical in the two quartos, the difference being merely the variation in the title-page, and the addition of a preface to the latter edition. There is no doubt that the leaf with the preface was not in the original issue, and that the first quarto was published with the statement that it had been acted by the King's servants at the Globe. The Cambridge Editors believe that the copies with this title-page were first issued for the theatre, and afterwards those with the new title-page and preface for the general readers, and they are of opinion that in this case the expression "never staled with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palms of the vulgar" must refer to the first appearance of the play in type, unless we suppose

* *Vide* Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles, No. 13.

that the publisher was more careful to say what would recommend his book than to state what was literally true. It seems, however, scarcely plausible that the expression can refer to mere publication, and not to actual performance; it is probable that the quartos differed in some important respects from the version of the play acted by "the King's servants," and the new title-page and preface were perhaps due to some remonstrance on the part of the author or "the grand possessors."

In the First Folio *Troilus and Cressida* is found between the "Histories" and "Tragedies"; it is not mentioned in the Table of Contents, and the editors were evidently doubtful as to its classification. "*Coriolanus*," "*Titus Andronicus*," "*Romeo and Juliet*," "*Troilus and Cressida*," was the original order of the Tragedies, and the first three pages of the present play were actually paged so as to follow *Romeo and Juliet*,* but *Timon of Athens* was subsequently put in its place, and a neutral position assigned to it between the two main divisions. The Folio editors' view that the play was a Tragedy was certainly neither in accordance with the sentiment of the prologue (first found in the Folio and seemingly non-Shakespearian) and the quarto preface, which make it a comedy, nor with the title-page and running title of the quartos, which treat it as a history. *Troilus and Cressida* presents perhaps the most complex problem in the whole range of Shakespeare's work. It has been well described as "a History in which historical verisimilitude is openly set at nought, a Comedy without genuine laughter, a Tragedy without pathos."

There are many points of difference between the Quarto and Folio text of the play, and the Cambridge

* "The editors cancelled the leaf containing the end of *Romeo and Juliet* on one side and the beginning of *Troilus and Cressida* on the other, but retained the other leaf already printed, and then added the prologue to fill up the blank page, which in the original setting of the type had been occupied by the end of *Romeo and Juliet*" (Cambridge Ed.).

editors are probably correct in their conclusions that the discrepancies are to be explained thus:—the Quarto was printed from a transcript of the author's original MS., which was subsequently slightly revised by the author himself; before the First Folio was printed this revised MS. had been tampered with by another hand, perhaps by the writer of the prologue.

Date of Composition. The publication of the quartos in 1609 gives us one limit for the date of *Troilus and Cressida,* but (i.) certain discrepancies in the text, (ii.) differences of style, thought, language, and metrical qualities, and (iii.) important pieces of external evidence, make it almost certain that the play passed through various stages of revision, and was in all probability composed at different times. Under (i.) must be noticed that "in Act I. Sc. ii. Hector goes to the field and fights, in Act I. Sc. iii., after this, we find him grown rusty in the long-continued truce"; again "the rhyming couplet, V. xi. 33, 34, which almost terminates the last scene, is by the Folio editors repeated at the end of Act V. Sc. iii., which fact strongly suggests that Scenes vi.-xi. are a later insertion." As regard (ii.), the general style of those parts of the play dealing with the Love Story contrasts strongly with the parts belonging to the Camp Story; the former bear the impress of Shakespeare's earlier characteristics,* the latter of his later.

(iii.) External evidence points to Shakespeare's connexion with the subject of *Troilus and Cressida* at least as early as 1599, for in the old anonymous play of *Histriomastix* (written by Marston and others about that year) a satirical production called forth by the famous

* Perhaps we should note in this connexion the characteristically early 'echo of Marlowe' to be found in this portion of Act II. Sc. ii. 82, where the reference is to Marlowe's famous lines in *Faustus*:—

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topmost towers of Ilium?"

Battle of the Theatres, associated with the quarrels of Marston, Dekker, Jonson, etc.—occurs the following burlesque passage:—

"*Troy.* Come, Cressida, my cresset light,
Thy face doth shine both day and night,
Behold, behold *thy garter blue*
*Thy knight his valiant elbow wears,**
That when he SHAKES his furious SPEARE,
The foe, in shivering fearful sort,
May lay him down in death to snort.
Cress. O knight, with valour in thy face,
Here *take my skreene,* wear it for grace;
Within thy helmet put the same,
Therewith to make thy enemies lame." †

There can be no doubt that we have here a travesty of an incident (cp. Act V. ii.) in a play on the subject of *Troilus and Cressida* and that this play was by Shakespeare.

* The text is obviously corrupt; a line has dropped out ending in a word to rhyme with "*blue*"; "*wears*" should be "wear," rhyming with "*speare.*"

† This passage lends colour to the hypothesis that *Troilus and Cressida* originally had some real or supposed bearing on the theatrical quarrels of the day, Ajax representing Jonson, and Thersites standing for Dekker; "*rank Thersites with his mastic jaws*" has been brought into connexion with Dekker's *Satiromastix* (1601), and Jonson's description of him in *The Poetaster,* "one of the most overflowing rank wits in Rome." Mr. Fleay has suggested that the "physic" given "to the great Myrmidon" (I. iii. 378; III. iii. 34) is identical with the "purge" administered by Shakespeare to Jonson in *The Return from Parnassus.* The early *Troilus and Cressida* may have contained topical allusions, but these allusions were intentionally 'overlaid' in the revised form of the play; minute criticism has probably detected fossil remains of theatrical satire. Even the doubtful Prologue with "its prologue armed" seems reminiscent of the armed Prologue, in Jonson's polemical *Poetaster.*

It is worth while noting that the Envy Induction in the latter play imitated the old play *Mucedorus* (1598, 1st ed.); we have a reference to the end of *Mucedorus* in *Troilus and Cressida,* II. iii. 23, "*Devil Envy,* say Amen!"

We know, from Henslowe's *Diary,* that about the same time, during the early part of 1599, Dekker and Chettle were preparing a play which was at first to be called "*Troylles and Cresseda,*" but afterwards *Agamemnon*; and it is just possible that both this and Shakespeare's *Troilus* were based on some older production. Under the date of Feb. 7th, 1603, there is an entry in the Stationers' Register to "the book of *Troilus and Cressida,*" as it is acted by "my Lord Chamberlain's servants"; the book is entered for James Roberts to be printed "when he had gotten sufficient authority for it." This must have been Shakespeare's play. Roberts did not get the necessary authority, and hence the re-entry in the Register (Jan. 28, 1609) before the publication of the Quarto edition. It is impossible to determine how far the play burlesqued in *Histriomastix,* the 1603 play, and the 1609 quarto were identical.*

The safest course is to assign "*circa* 1599" to the play in its first form, "*circa* 1602" to the second and main revision, allowing for subsequent additions between the latter date and its publication in 1609.† This perplexing "comedy of disillusion," with its dark irony, its wistful melancholy, its travesty of the faith of *Romeo and Juliet,* its depreciation of ancient heroism and medieval chivalry, its scoffing worldly wisdom, helps us perhaps to realise, somewhat at least, the deepening changes in Shakespeare's aspect of life, which lead him from farce to comedy, from comedy to sombre tragi-comedy, and thence to soul-racking tragedy.

Source of the Plot. The main sources of *Troilus and Cressida* are:—(i.) Chaucer's *Troilus,* which formed

* The title-page of the first quarto evidently claimed that the version was the same as that acted by the Chamberlain's men in 1603; the second quarto, with the preface, withdrew the statement.

† *Troilus* invites comparison with *Timon of Athens,* which belongs probably to (about) 1606, but its authorship is only Shakespeare's in part (*vide* Preface to *Timon*).

the basis of the love-story;* (ii.) Caxton's *Recuyell of the historyes of Troye* (translated from Raoul le Fèvre's *Recueil des Histoires de Troyes*),† and Lydgate's *Troy Book* (translated from Guido di Colonna), whence Shakespeare drew his materials for the camp-story; (iii.) from Chapman's *Homer* (Bk. I.-VII., 1597) the character of Thersites was derived (*vide* Book II.)‡

Duration of Action. It is impossible, according to Mr. P. A. Daniel, to assign more than four days to *Troilus and Cressida,* though certain discrepancies in Act II. Sc. iii., and Act III. Sc. i. and iii., rather hamper the distribution of the time:—

Day 1, Act I. Sc. i. and ii. *Interval. Day* 2, Act I. Sc. iii.; Act II. and Act III. *Day* 3, Act IV.; Act V. Sc. i. and ii. *Day* 4, Act V. Sc. iii.-x.

Dryden's Version. "*Troilus and Cressida; or, Truth Found Too Late:* A tragedy by John Dryden; acted at the Duke's Theatre"; this improvement on Shakespeare's play was published (4to, 1679) with a prefatory Essay, wherein the writer explains that Shakespeare "began it with some fire," but "the latter part is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms," many of the characters were, he believed, "begun and left unfinished."

* For the literary history of Chaucer's *Troilus, cp.* Skeat's Preface to the poem; Shakespeare's and Chaucer's conceptions are contrasted in Godwin's *Life of Chaucer*; concerning Shakespeare's debt of Chaucer, *cp.* Lloyd's *Essays on Shakespeare*; Hales' *Essays and Notes on Shakespeare*; etc.

† H. O. Sommer's recent reprint of Caxton's *Recuyell* (Nutt, 1894) contains a full bibliography and history of the book. Shakespeare may well have used Creede's 1596 version.

‡ In a valuable and suggestive paper on *Greene's Romances and Shakespeare* ("New Shak. Soc.," 1888) Prof. Herford points out that in *Euphues, His Censure to Philautus* (1587), we have a version of the *Troilus and Cressida* story, which, slight and insignificant as it is, "approaches more nearly than any other version, the manner of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida.*"

The Gates of Troy.
From an engraving in an old French edition of Raoul le Fèvre's
***History of Troy*, 1529.**

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. In the eighth year of the siege of Troy by the Greeks, Troilus, son of King Priam of Troy, becomes enamoured of Cressida, a Trojan maiden, and induces her uncle Pandarus to intercede for him. At this time a truce has been declared between the two armies. While the Greeks are carping at the slowness of the siege, a challenge is sent them by Hector of Troy, directed against any one of their champions who dares meet him in single combat; his evident desire being to cope with Achilles, the Greek's chief warrior.

II. During the truce the Greeks had proposed terms of peace, which included the return of the ravished Helen and the payment of a war indemnity. The terms are rejected and the besieging generals prepare to renew the struggle. They seek an interview with Achilles, who has for some time sulked within his tent. He denies them an interview; whereupon they select Ajax to fight with Hector.

III. In the interim Pandarus prospers as go-between for Troilus with Cressida. He arranges a rendezvous where the lovers plight their troth and, according to custom, resolve to live together. But Cressida's father, who has been traitorously serving the Greeks, requests them to ask his daughter in exchange for a Trojan leader held captive by them.

IV. The Greeks consent, and send Diomedes to effect the exchange. He bears away Cressida on the morning following her nuptial night. The lovers bewail this stern

necessity of war, and part after many protestations of fidelity. Diomedes and Cressida reach the Grecian camp just as Ajax is starting forth to meet Hector. The two warriors fight; but after a passage at arms postpone further conflict on account of kinship. The various Grecian and Trojan leaders make use of this armistice for an interchange of amicable courtesies.

V. Troilus asks the Greek Ulysses to lead him to the tent where Cressida has been confined, and there he is deeply mortified to become a secret witness of her faithlessness, for she has transferred her affections to Diomedes. In battle on the following day, Troilus engages in conflict with Diomedes, but without serious result for either. Meanwhile Hector also has gone forth to battle again, disregarding the ominous predictions of his sister Cassandra. He kills Patroclus, a close friend of Achilles, which deed so enrages that moody warrior, that he shakes off his lethargy, plunges into the fray, and slays Hector, whose dead body he drags at his horse's heels along the field before Troy.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Troilus.

Troilus is the youngest of Priam's numerous sons, and the passion of which he is the victim is the bare instinctive impulse of the teens, the form that first love takes when crossed by an unworthy object, which might have been that of Romeo had Rosalind not overstood her opportunity. It is his age that explains how, notwithstanding his high mental endowments, he is so infatuated as to mistake the planned provocation of Cressida's coyness for stubborn chastity, and to allow himself to be played with and inflamed by her concerted airs of surprise and confusion when at last they are brought together. He is quite as dull in apprehending the character of Pandarus,

and complains of his techiness to be wooed to woo, when in fact he is but holding off in the very spirit of his niece and affecting reluctance in order to excite solicitation. Boccaccio furnished some of the lines of this characterization to Chaucer, but Chaucer gave them great development in handing them down to Shakespeare. Troilus is preserved from the ridiculousness that pursues the dupes of coquettes of so debased a stamp as Cressida, by the allowances that untried youth bespeaks, and by the spirit and gallantry that promises the coming self-recovery, the first process of which appears in the control he imposes on his anger and impatience when he looks on at the scene of her falseness. . . . Still our sympathies are but moderately engaged for him, for what can we say of him but that he is young and a fool—though heroes have been so before and since, fit to be played with and played upon by a jade who only tantalizes him that he may cease to be shy. He is the subjected slave of an intoxication that makes him insensible to the debasement of admitting such a worm as Pandarus into the very presence of what should be the sanctities of love. The ungenuineness of the love that is in question is self-betrayed, when in the first declaration, as in the latest parting, he angles for and invites assurances of faithfulness which it is not in the nature of things should be either convincing or true.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

III.

Cressida.

There is nothing in these two poets [Chaucer and Boccaccio] that can compare with the passionate heat and hatred, the boundless bitterness with which Shakespeare delineates and pursues his Cressida. His mood is the more remarkable that he in no wise paints her as unlovable or corrupt; she is merely a shallow, frivolous, sensual, pleasure-loving coquette.

She does little, on the whole, to call for such severity of judgement. She is a mere child and beginner in comparison with Cleopatra, for instance, who, for all that, is not so unmercifully condemned. But Shakespeare has aggravated and pointed every circumstance until Cressida becomes odious, and rouses only aversion. The change from love to treachery, from Troilus to Diomedes, is in no earlier poet effected with such rapidity. Whenever Shakespeare expresses by the mouth of one or another of his characters the estimate in which he intends his audience to hold her, one is astounded by the bitterness of the hatred he discloses. It is especially noticeable in the scene (IV. v.) in which Cressida comes to the Greek camp and is greeted by the kings with a kiss.

At this point Cressida has as yet offended in nothing. She has, out of pure, vehement love for him, passed such a night with Troilus as Juliet did with Romeo, persuaded to it by Pandarus, as Juliet was by her nurse. Now she accepts and returns the kiss wherewith the Greek chieftains bid her welcome. We may remark, in parenthesis, that at that time there was no impropriety in such a greeting. In William Brenchley Rye's "England as seen by Foreigners in the Days of Elizabeth and James the First," are found, under the heading "England and Englishmen," the following notes by Samuel Riechel, a merchant from Ulm: "Item, when a foreigner or an inhabitant goes to a citizen's house on business, or is invited as a guest, and having entered therein, he is received by the master of the house, the lady, or the daughter, and by them welcomed; he has even the right to take them by the arm and kiss them, which is the custom of the country; and if any one does not do so, it is regarded and imputed as ignorance and ill-breeding on his part."

For all that, Ulysses, who sees through her at the first glance, breaks out on occasion of this kiss which Cressida returns. [IV. v. 54-63: *Fie, fie, etc.*] So Shakespeare causes his heroine to be described, and doubtless it is his own last word about her. . . .

Shakespeare deliberately made Cressida sensually attractive, but spiritually repulsive and unclean. She has desire for Troilus, but no love. She is among those who are born experienced; she knows how to inflame, win, and keep men enchained, but the honourable love of a man is useless to her. At the same time she is one of those who easily find their master. Any man who is not imposed upon by her airs, who sees through her mock-prudish rebuffs, subdues her without difficulty. All her sagacity amounted to, after all, was that Troilus would continue ardent so long as she said "No"; that men, in short, value the unattainable and what is won with difficulty—the wisdom of any commonplace coquette. Never has Shakespeare represented coquetry as so void of charming qualities.

Cressida is never modest even when she is most prudish; she understands a jest, even bold and libertine ones, and she will bandy them with enjoyment. With all her kittenish charm she is uninteresting, and, in spite of her hot blood, she betrays the coldest selfishness. She is neither ridiculous nor unlovely, but as little is she beautiful; in no other of Shakespeare's characters is the sensual attraction exercised by a woman so completely shorn of its poetry.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IV.

Ulysses.

Ulysses is the real hero of the play; the chief, or, at least, the great purpose of which is the utterance of the Ulyssean view of life; and in this play Shakespeare is Ulysses, or Ulysses Shakespeare. In all his other plays Shakespeare so lost his personal consciousness in the individuality of his own creations that they think and feel, as well as act, like real men and women other than their creator, so that we cannot truly say of the thoughts and

feelings which they express, that Shakespeare says thus or so; for it is not Shakespeare who speaks, but they with his lips. But in Ulysses, Shakespeare, acting upon a mere hint, filling up a mere traditionary outline, drew a man of mature years, of wide observation, of profoundest cogitative power, one who knew all the weakness and all the wiles of human nature, and who yet remained with blood unbittered and soul unsoured—a man who saw through all shams, and fathomed all motives, and who yet was not scornful of his kind, not misanthropic, hardly cynical except in passing moods; and what other man was this than Shakespeare himself? What had he to do when he had passed forty years, but to utter his own thoughts when he would find words for the lips of Ulysses? And thus it is that *Troilus and Cressida* is Shakespeare's wisest play. If we would know what Shakespeare thought of men and their motives after he reached maturity, we have but to read this drama; drama it is; but with what other character, who shall say? For, like the world's pageant, it is neither tragedy nor comedy, but a tragi-comic history, in which the intrigues of amorous men and light-o'-loves and the brokerage of panders are mingled with the deliberations of sages and the strife and the death of heroes.

The thoughtful reader will observe that Ulysses pervades the serious parts of the play, which is all Ulyssean in its thought and language. And this is the reason, or rather the fact, of the play's lack of distinctive characterization. For Ulysses cannot speak all the time that he is on the stage; and, therefore, the other personages, such as may, speak Ulyssean, with, of course, such personal allusion and peculiar trick as a dramatist of Shakespeare's skill could not leave them without for difference.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE: *On Reading Shakespeare.*

V.

Thersites.

Thersites sits with Caliban high among Shakespeare's minor triumphs. He was brought in to please the mob. He is the Fool of the piece, fulfilling the functions of Touchstone, and Launce, and Launcelot, and Costard. As the grave-diggers were brought into *Hamlet* for the sake of the groundlings, so Thersites came into *Troilus and Cressida.* As if that he might leave no form of human utterance ungilded by his genius, Shakespeare in Thersites has given us the apotheosis of blackguardism and billingsgate. Thersites is only a railing rascal. Some low creatures are mere bellies with no brain. Thersites is merely mouth, but this mouth has just enough coarse brain above it to know a wise man and a fool when he sees them. But the railings of this deformed slave are splendid. Thersites is almost as good as Falstaff. He is of course a far lower organization intellectually, and somewhat lower, perhaps, morally. He is coarser in every way; his humour, such as he has, is of the grossest kind; but still his blackguardism is the ideal of vituperation. He is far better than Apemantus in *Timon of Athens*, for there is no hypocrisy in him, no egoism, and, comfortable trait in such a personage, no pretence of gentility. For good downright "sass" in its most splendid and aggressive form, there is in literature nothing equal to the speeches of Thersites.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE: *On Reading Shakespeare.*

VI.

Pandarus.

He has been named a demoralised Polonius, and the epithet is good. He is an old voluptuary, who finds his amusement in playing the spy and go-between, now that

more active pleasures are denied to him. The cynical enjoyment with which Shakespeare (in spite of his contempt for him) has drawn him is very characteristic of this period of his life. Pandarus is clever enough, and often witty, but there is no enjoyment of his wit; he is as comical, base, and shameless as Falstaff himself, but he never calls forth the abstract sympathy we feel for the latter. Nothing makes amends for his vileness, nor for that of Thersites, nor for that of any other character in the whole play. Here, as in other plays, *Timon of Athens* in particular, is shown that deep-seated Anglo-Saxon vein which, according to the popular estimate, Shakespeare entirely lacked—that vein in which flows the life-blood of Swift's, Hogarth's, and even some of Byron's principal works, and it shows how, after all, there was some sympathy between the Merrie England of those days and the later Land of Spleen.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VII.

Love and Wantonness.

As Shakespeare calls forth nothing from the mausoleum of history, or the catacombs of tradition, without giving, or eliciting, some permanent and general interest, and brings forward no subject, which he does not moralize or intellectualize—so here he has drawn in Cressida the portrait of a vehement passion, that, having its true origin and proper cause in warmth of temperament, fastens on, rather than fixes to, some one object by liking and temporary preference.

> There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
> Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
> At every joint and motive of her body.

This Shakespeare has contrasted with the profound affection represented in Troilus, and alone worthy the

name of love—affection, passionate indeed, swollen with the confluence of youthful instincts and youthful fancy, and growing in the radiance of hope newly risen, in short enlarged by the collective sympathies of nature; but still having a depth of calmer element in a will stronger than desire, more entire than choice, and which gives permanence to its own act by converting it into faith and duty. Hence with excellent judgement, and with an excellence higher than mere judgement can give, at the close of the play, when Cressida has sunk into infamy below retrieval and beneath hope, the same will, which had been the substance and the basis of his love, while the restless pleasures and passionate longings, like sea-waves, had tossed but on its surface—this same moral energy is represented as snatching him aloof from all neighbourhood with her dishonour, from all lingering fondness and languishing regrets, whilst it rushes with him into other and nobler duties, and deepens the channel which his heroic brother's death had left empty for its collected flood.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

VIII.

The Greek Heroes.

The whole catalogue of the *Dramatis Personæ* in the play of *Troilus and Cressida*, so far as they depend upon a rich and original vein of humour in the author, are drawn with a felicity which never was surpassed. The genius of Homer has been a topic of admiration to almost every generation of men since the period in which he wrote. But his characters will not bear the slightest comparison with the delineation of the same characters as they stand in Shakespeare. This is a species of honour which ought by no means to be forgotten when we are making the eulogium of our immortal bard, a sort of illustration of his greatness which cannot fail to place it in a

very conspicuous light. The dispositions of men perhaps had not been sufficiently unfolded in the very early period of intellectual refinement when Homer wrote; the rays of humour had not been dissected by the glass, or rendered perdurable by the pencil of the poet. Homer's characters are drawn with a laudable portion of variety and consistency; but his Achilles, his Ajax, and his Nestor are, each of them, rather a species than an individual, and can boast more of the propriety of abstraction than of the vivacity of a moving scene of absolute life. The Achilles, the Ajax, and the various Grecian heroes of Shakespeare, on the other hand, are absolute men, deficient in nothing which can tend to individualize them, and already touched with the Promethean fire that might infuse a soul into what, without it, were lifeless form. . . .

One of the most formidable adversaries of true poetry is an attribute which is generally miscalled dignity. Shakespeare possessed, no man in higher perfection, the true dignity and loftiness of the poetical afflatus, which he has displayed in many of the finest passages of his works with miraculous success. But he knew that no man ever was, or ever can be, always dignified. He knew that those subtler traits of character which identify a man are familiar and relaxed, pervaded with passion, and not played off with an eye to external decorum. In this respect the peculiarities of Shakespeare's genius are nowhere more forcibly illustrated than in the play we are here considering. The champions of Greece and Troy, from the hour in which their names were first recorded, had always worn a certain formality of attire, and marched with a slow and measured step. No poet, till this time, had ever ventured to force them out of the manner which their epic creator had given them. Shakespeare first supplied their limbs, took from them the classic stiffness of their gait, and enriched them with an entire set of those attributes which might render them completely beings of the same species with ourselves.

GODWIN · *Life of Chaucer.*

IX.

Moral Contrasts.

Shakspeare intended to point out the profound all-pervading contrast between the much-commended mental character and life of Greek antiquity, as compared with the new principle of life in the Christian era, and to reveal the blemishes and defects of Greek life, especially in regard to its morals, as compared with the ever-increasing admiration bestowed upon it. This could probably not be effected otherwise than by giving a closer view of the essential foundation of the ancient, and more especially of Greek, life and mental culture, taken from a comico-poetic standpoint. And this foundation, as is acknowledged on all hands, is formed by the Homeric poems, or, what is the same thing, the Trojan war in its mythico-poetic conception. But these immortal poems, when regarded from a strictly moral point of view, and in spite of all their ideality, obviously contain a decidedly immoral element, or if it be preferred, the form in which the idea is clothed—according to our higher modern conception of moral relations—presents an ugly blot. For the whole of the external story turns upon the recovery of an adulteress who has run off with her lover, and whose sentiments and manner of acting can in no way be excused, either by ideal beauty or by the interference of the gods (Aphrodite); on the contrary, the immorality in which even the gods themselves take part, appears only the more glaring by such an interference. Helen's abduction was not worthy of the great war of vengeance which was undertaken by the Greek princes; for the honour of the Greek nation was more deeply wronged by Helen herself than by Paris. A war undertaken for such a cause and such an object must, therefore, be repulsive to the moral consciousness of modern times; and still more do we feel this subsequently when Helen and her wronged husband are again united, and restored to all their rights, as if

nothing had happened. It is true that the Greeks had a different idea of marriage and of the mission of women; this we all know, and Shakspeare doubtless knew it also. But the very fact of their entertaining such notions, is the immoral part of the matter. This is the dark side of Greek antiquity: a youthfully vigorous, but also youthfully sensuous view of life supported by the idea of beauty, and idealised as regards form; a view of life which raised beauty into an absolute privilege, and considered its value as greater than that of goodness and truth. It was only individual philosophical minds that rose above this idea.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

X.

"None More Witty."

A never writer to an ever reader,
News.

Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain that never undertook anything comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for titles of commodities or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors that now style them such vanities flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy witted worldlings as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations have found that wit that they never found in themselves, and have parted better witted than they

came, feeing an edge of wit set upon them more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such savoured salt of wit is in his comedies that they seem for their height of pleasure, to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this; and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed; but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stuffed in it, it deserves such a labour as well as the best comedy in Terence or Plautus. And believe this that when he is gone and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them and set up a new English Inquisition. Take this for a warning and at the peril of your pleasures' loss and judgments, refuse not nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you, since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them rather than been prayed. And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wits' healths) that will not praise it. Vale.

Preface to Quarto (*2*), 1609.

XI.

A Bitter Satire.

This is the most difficult of all Shakspere's plays to deal with, as well for date as position. . . . The play is evidently written in ill-humour with mankind; it is a bitter satire. Its purpose is not to show virtue her own feature, but contemptible weakness, paltry vanity, falsehood (like scorn), their own image. . . . Shakspere's treatment of Chaucer's heroine, Cressida, is, too, a shock to any lover of the early poet's work. To have the beautiful Cressida, hesitating, palpitating like the nightingale, before her sin; driven by force of hard circumstances which she could not control into unfaithful-

ness to her love; to have this Cressida, whom Chaucer spared for very ruth, set before us as a mere shameless wanton, making eyes at all the men she sees, and showing her looseness in the movement of every limb, is a terrible blow. But whatever may have been Shakspere's motive in this play, we certainly have in it his least pleasing production. There is no relief to the patchery, the jugglery, and the knavery, except the generous welcome of Nestor to Hector in the Grecian camp, and his frank praise of the gallant Trojan, who, labouring for Destiny, made cruel way through ranks of Greekish youth.

FURNIVALL: *The Leopold Shakspere.*

The scene soon opens with the indecent Pandarus trifling with the famous epic names, as he taps them lightly with his battledore to keep up his little game, which is to get Troilus thoroughly involved with Cressida: "An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's (well, go to), there were no more comparison between the women"; then the puppy says, "I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit." Think of the jaunty go-between thus estimating the terrible prophetess of the Agamemnon, while he is only whetting Troilus's passion for Cressida, and devising means to bring them together. For this is meant to travesty the rape of Helen, which was the motive of the siege. The play begins by making incontinence a very important business, and thus ridiculous. As Thersites says, "All the argument is a cuckold, and war and lechery confound all."

Subsequently Cressida, at a wink from the Greek Diomedes, passes out of the keeping of her Trojan lover, thus making the politics as light as her love. And the scenes where Pandarus lickerishly plans the assignation, and rallies Cressida afterwards, are so purposely broad that every pretence of sentiment is emptied out of the play; the vulgarity becomes so conspicuous that the fighting itself is infected with it and runs into parody. The reader need only turn to the interjectional soliloquies of

Thersites, which supply to every mock-heroic incident a very free translation, to perceive that there was an intention in the co-laborers upon this play to make all such famous court-manners and their quarrels seem ridiculous.

WEISS: *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare.*

XII.

Unique and Enigmatic.

It is indeed a wonderful production—wonderful alike for the profusion of wit, of poetry, and of wisdom crowded into it, and for the depth, the subtlety, and life-likeness of the individual characterization. And so far nearly all the later and better critics are substantially agreed. On the other side, one cannot discover what the Poet is driving at: marvellous as are the details in spirit and variety of life, they do not seem to grow from any common principle or purpose; and it is only in the light of such principle or purpose that they can receive a logical statement and interpretation. Hence there has grown a remarkable diversity, not to say oppugnancy, of criticism respecting it; and some of the higher critics have employed what seems to us a great over-refinement of speculation, in order to make out some one idea under which the details might all be artistically reduced.

HUDSON: *The Works of Shakespeare.*

The fame of its story has contributed as much as its many enigmatic and its many splendid qualities, to give this drama a unique position among Shakespeare's works. Elsewhere, Shakespeare has commonly avoided the great master-themes of literature; here he became the rival of Chaucer, Boccaccio, and Homer. It would not have surprised us if the man whose peculiar art lay in creating "a soul within the ribs" of a dead or moribund tale should have failed to figure in the procession of the poets

of the tale of Troy. But it is strange that, in that procession, having joined it, he should play the role of the ironic caricaturist, not only degrading a beautiful and noble tradition, which for the sake of dramatic truth he might, but degrading it without vindicating the added "realism" by added reality. *Troilus and Cressida* is strangely mingled of splendour and foulness, of rhetorical strength and dramatic perversity.

HERFORD: *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

PRIAM, *king of Troy.*
HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,
} *his sons.*
MARGARELON, *a bastard son of Priam.*
ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,
} *Trojan commanders.*
CALCHAS, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.*
PANDARUS, *uncle to Cressida.*
AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian general.*
MENELAUS, *his brother.*
ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,
} *Grecian commanders.*
THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*
ALEXANDER, *servant to Cressida.*
Servant to Troilus.
Servant to Paris.
Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *wife to Menelaus.*
ANDROMACHE, *wife to Hector.*
CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam; a prophetess.*
CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Troy, and the Grecian camp.*

"And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage:"

Troilus and Cressida. Prologue.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

THE PROLOGUE.

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited

In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are:
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Tro. Call here my varlet; I 'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none!

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant,
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpractised infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I 'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here 's yet in the word 'hereafter,' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—'When she comes!'—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee:—when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is crouch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's—well, go to—there were no more comparison between the women: but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her: but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,

Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st 'she is fair';
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I 'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she 's kin to me, therefore she 's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She 's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I 'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I 'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. [*Exit. An alarum.*

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starved a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he 's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we.
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.
Tro. By whom, Æneas?
Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.
Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*
Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!
Tro. Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.'
But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift haste.
Tro. Come, go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The same. A street.

Enter Cressida and Alexander her man.

Cres. Who were those went by?
Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.
Cres. And whither go they?
Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was moved:
He chid Andromache and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.
Cres. What was his cause of anger?
Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man per se,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere you came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he 'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there 's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there 's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he's not himself: would a' were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well, I would my heart were in her body! No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other 's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other 's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him; his own 's better.

Pan. You have no judgement, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden

tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she 's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?

Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him: she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to, then: but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin; indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess,—

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. And what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, 'Here 's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That 's true; make no question of that. 'Two and fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck 't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed,

and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on 't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I 'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I 'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here 's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I 'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That 's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he 's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who 's that?

Antenor passes.

Pan. That 's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he 's a man good enough: he 's one o' the soundest judgements in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes

Troilus? I 'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes.

Pan. That 's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there 's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There 's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there 's a countenance! is 't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is a' not? it does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there 's no jesting; there 's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it 's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

Paris passes.

Look ye yonder, niece; is 't not a gallant man too, is 't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he 's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who 's that?

Helenus passes.

Pan. That 's Helenus: I marvel where Troilus is.

That 's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That 's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus! no; yes, he 'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'? Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes.

Pan. Where? yonder? That 's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there 's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he never saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Common Soldiers pass.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well! Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I 'll watch you for that; and that 's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it 's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

Enter Troilus's Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I will be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.

[*Exeunt Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.

Sennet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below

Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And call them shames? which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men:
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away,
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way

With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where 's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rivall'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breese
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then the thing of courage
As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tuned in self-same key
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which, [*To Agamemnon*] most mighty for thy place and sway,
[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,
I give to both your speeches, which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass, and such again

As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue, yet let it please both,
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burthen,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this centre,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad: but when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,

What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure! O, when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose

It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he by the next;
That next by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,

Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being dress'd to some oration.'
That 's done; as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valour dies; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,

A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank·soever rounded in with danger.
Ulyss. They tax our policy and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on, and know by measure
Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.
Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Tucket.*
Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.
Men. From Troy.

Enter Æneas.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?
Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?
Agam. Even this.
Æne. May one that is a herald and a prince
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?
Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.
Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may

A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How!

Æne. Ay:
I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that 's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What 's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,

And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector—Priam is his father—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he 'll say in Troy when he retires,

The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me
I 'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I 'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*

Ulyss. Nestor!

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how?

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough—will, with great speed of judgement,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: who may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their finest palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks

To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why then, we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And by device let blockish Ajax draw

The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

The Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils—full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You whoreson cur!

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You cur!

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do ye thus? How now, Thersites! what 's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. 'Well!' why, so I do.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinewed'st leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You whoreson cur!

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

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Achil. 'Well!' why, so I do.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head, I 'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax— [*Ajax offers to strike him*

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there: that he: look you there!

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What 's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There 's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brooch bids me, shall I?

Achil. There 's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not; 'tis put to lottery; otherwise
He knew his man.
Ajax. O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Troy. A room in Priam's palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else,
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to 't?
Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure: but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,

What merit 's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let 's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Tro. What 's aught, but as 'tis valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit,
Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgement: how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desired;
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you 'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'
If you 'll confess he brought home noble prize,
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried 'Inestimable!' why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving, with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe:

Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra 's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honours all engaged
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.
Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me.
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There 's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfamed,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.
Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves

All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action

For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertised their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

The Grecian camp. Before the tent of Achilles.

Enter Thersites, solus.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O, worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I 'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I 'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there 's Achilles, a rare enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little little less than little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and

cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the Neapolitan bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil Envy say amen. What, ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could ha' remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Patr. Amen.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles: then tell me, Patroclus, what 's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what 's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I 'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I 'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Agam. Where is Achilles?
Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.
Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so, lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.
Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.
Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us the cause. A word, my lord.
[*Takes Agamemnon aside.*
Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?
Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.
Nest. Who, Thersites?
Ulyss. He.
Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.
Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.
Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.
Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Here comes Patroclus.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If anything more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus;
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgement; and worthier than himself
Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,

We 'll none of him, but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report:
'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant': tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently. [*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you.
[*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside*] Yet he loves himself: is 't not strange?

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What 's his excuse?

'lyss. He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

!gam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

'lyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only
He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness,
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
And batters down himself: what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry ' No recovery.'

!gam. Let Ajax go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

'lyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself, shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired,
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,

By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'

Nest. [*Aside*] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. [*Aside*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I 'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I 'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. [*Aside*] How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. [*Aside*] The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I 'll let his humours blood.

Agam. [*Aside*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. [*Aside*] Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. [*Aside*] An 'twould, you 'ld carry half.

Ulyss. [*Aside*] A' would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I 'll make him supple.

Nest. [*Aside*] He's not yet through warm: force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. [*To Agamemnon*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.
Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—
Ulyss. If he were proud,—
Dio. Or covetous of praise,—
Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-famed beyond, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplined thine arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here 's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Nest. Ay, my good son.
Dio. Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war:
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here 's a lord, come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Troy. A room in Priam's palace.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you, a word: do you not follow the young Lord Paris?
Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.
Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?
Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.
Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.
Serv. The Lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.
Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

erv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

an. I do desire it.

erv. You are in the state of grace.

an. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles. [*Music within.*] What music is this?

erv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

an. Know you the musicians?

erv. Wholly, sir.

an. Who play they to?

erv. To the hearers, sir.

an. At whose pleasure, friend?

erv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

an. Command, I mean, friend.

erv. Who shall I command, sir?

an. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

erv. That 's to 't, indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.

an. Who, my cousin Cressida?

erv. No, sir, Helen: could not you find out that by her attributes?

an. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

erv. Sodden business! there 's a stewed phrase indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we 'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you—

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that 's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall

it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit 's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I 'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I 'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer 's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she 'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I 'll hear no more of this; I 'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.*

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die:
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who 's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You 'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They 're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

An orchard to Pandarus' house.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus's Boy, meeting.

Pan. How now! where 's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter Troilus.

How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I 'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palates taste indeed
Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me,
Swounding destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much, and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction in my joys,
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She 's making her ready, she 'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I 'll fetch her. It is the

prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter Pandarus with Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we 'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let 's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you 'ld close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she 'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here 's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in: I 'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection

in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you 'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I 'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they 'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me;
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much

But I might master it: in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed; O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you,
But an unkind self that itself will leave
To be another's fool. I would be gone:
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can, I will presume in you—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I 'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,
'As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,'
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they 've said 'as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, or wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,'
'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
'As false as Cressid.'

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I 'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! Say 'amen.'

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away! [*Exeunt Tro. and Cres.*
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

The Grecian camp.

Flourish. Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
I have abandoned Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom and condition
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,

In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like he 'll question me
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him:
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We 'll execute your purpose and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord, and either greet him not
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?
You know my mind; I 'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.
Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?
Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?
Achil. No.
Nest. Nothing, my lord.
Agam. The better. [*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*
Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?
Ajax. How now, Patroclus!
Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*
Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?
Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I 'll interrupt his reading.
How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me: 'That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.'

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position—
It is familiar—but at the author's drift;

Who in his circumstance expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they 're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow—
An act that very chance doth throw upon him—
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! Why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it, for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me

Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?
Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost:
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent,
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that 's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps place with thought, and almost like the gods
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery, with whom relation
Durst never meddle, in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine

Than breath or pen can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.
[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think my little stomach to the war
And your great love to me restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself, and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then, beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus
I 'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.—A labour saved!

Enter Thersites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, a' stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 'twould out:' and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man 's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he 'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What

think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He 's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he 'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in 's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven of the

clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he 's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that 's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd,
And I myself see not the bottom of it.
[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Troy. A street.

Enter, at one side, Æneas, and Servant with a torch; at the other, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That 's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his hand,—
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed a whole week by days
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I 'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathise. Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.

What business, lord, so early?

Ene. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

'ar. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let 's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Ene. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

'ar. There is no help
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we 'll follow you.

Ene. Good morrow, all. [*Exit with Servant.*

'ar. And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts, deserves fair Helen bust,
Myself or Menelaus?

)io. Both alike:
He merits well to have her that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge,
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Nor palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;

You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more,
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She 's bitter to her country: hear me, Paris:
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We 'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Court of Pandarus' house.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I 'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. I prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you a-weary of me?

ro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

res. Night hath been too brief.

ro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

res. Prithee, tarry:
You men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's one up.

an. [*Within*] What, 's all the doors open here?

ro. It is your uncle.

res. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life!

Enter Pandarus.

an. How now, how now! how go maidenheads?
Here, you maid! where 's my cousin Cressid?

res. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

an. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
what have I brought you to do?

res. Come, come, beshrew your heart! you 'll ne'er
be good, nor suffer others.

an. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

res. Did not I tell you? would he were knock'd i' the head! [*One knocks.*

Who 's that at door? good uncle, go and see.
My lord, come you again into my chamber.
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing.
[*Knocking.*
How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*

Pan. Who 's there? what 's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what 's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who 's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth, I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him: It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I 'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who! nay, then: come, come, you 'll do him wrong ere you are ware: you 'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. How now! what 's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash: there is at hand

Paris your brother and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By Priam and the general state of Troy.
They are at hand and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*

Pan. Is 't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke 's neck!

Re-enter Cressida.

Cres. How now! what 's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where 's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! What 's the matter?

Pan. Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death: O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what 's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus! O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I 'll go in and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Before Pandarus' house.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
For her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon: good my brother Troilus,

Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house;
I 'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [*Exit.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.

A room in Pandarus' house.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste.
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporise with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. ' O heart,' as the goodly saying is,

'O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?'

where he answers again,

'Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking.'

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lambs!

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so
Cries 'Come!' to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or
my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit.*

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there 's no maculation in thy heart:
But 'be thou true' say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent: but I 'll be true.

Tro. And I 'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! 'Be true' again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They 're loving, well composed with gifts of nature,
And flowing o'er with arts and exercise:
How novelties may move and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—
Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—
Makes me afeard.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No:
But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within*] Nay, good my lord!

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [*Within*] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

'res. My lord, will you be true?

'ro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is 'plain and true'; there 's all the reach of it.

nter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I 'll give her to thy hand;
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

)io. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

ro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I 'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileged by my place and message
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I 'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord,
I 'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be prized; but that you say ' Be 't so,'
I 'll speak it in my spirit and honour ' No! '

Tro. Come, to the port. I 'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.
[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*
[*A trumpet sounds.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The Grecian camp. Lists set out.

Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,

Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there 's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I 'll begin.
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I 'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that 's no argument for kissing now;
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.
Men. I 'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cres. I 'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I 'll give you boot, I 'll give you three for one.
Cres. You 're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I 'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.
Cres. Why, beg then.
Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word: I 'll bring you to your father.
[*Exit with Cressida.*
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Flourish. Enter Hector, armed; Æneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose
A victor shall be known? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he 'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight opposed.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know this:
In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector:
The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then? O, I perceive you.

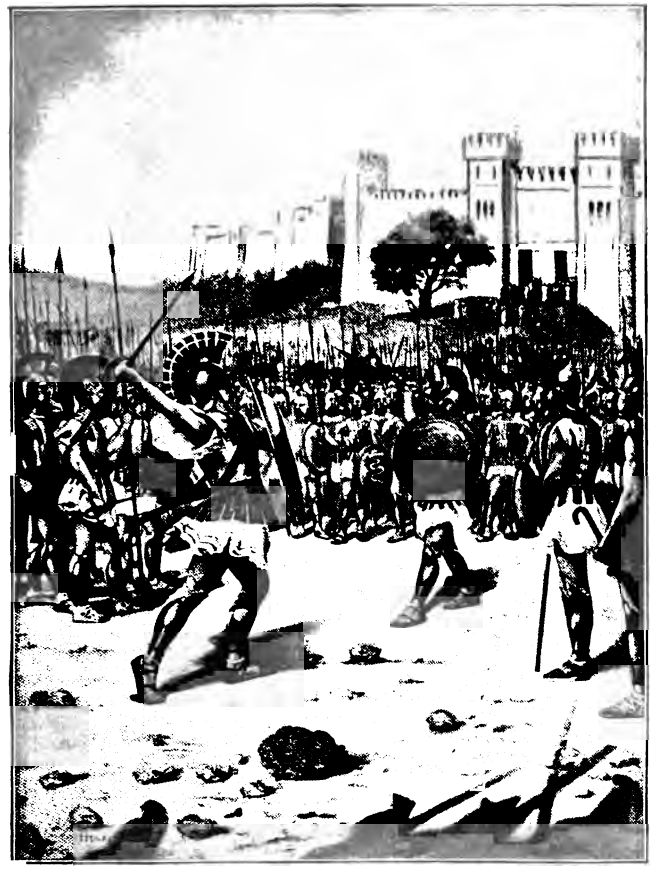
Re-enter Diomedes.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.
[*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue,
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath;
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects, but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.



THE FIGHT BETWEEN HECTOR AND AJAX.

Troilus and Cressida. Act 4, Scene 5.

Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.
[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*

'gam. They are in action.

'est. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

'ro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!

'gam. His blows are well disposed: there, Ajax!

'io. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*

Ene. Princes, enough, so please you.

'jax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

'io. As Hector pleases.

'ect. Why, then will I no more:
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's'; by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt should by my mortal sword
Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes
Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We 'll answer it;
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,—
As seld I have the chance—I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that 's no welcome: understand more clear,
What 's past and what 's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. [*To Troilus*] My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord! by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She 's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she 's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I have said to some my standers by
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,

And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I 'ld fight thee to-morrow:
Well, welcome, welcome!—I have seen the time.

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there 's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.

Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I 'ld not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,

I 'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I 'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin:
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone
Till accident or purpose bring you to 't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach: the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.*

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?
Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I 'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I 'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what 's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here 's a letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, fragment?
Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.
Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what 's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my fair love,
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I 'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent:
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus! [*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I 'll be a curer of madmen. Here 's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomedes, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.

Re-enter Achilles.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.
Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.
Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth a'! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those
That go or tarry.
Agam. Good night. [*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. [*Aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent:
I 'll keep you company.
Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.
Hect. And so, good night.
[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*
Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*
Ther. That same Diomed 's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him

when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

Scene II.

The same. Before Calchas' tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.
Cal. [*Within*] Who calls?
Dio. Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where's your daughter?
Cal. [*Within*] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; after them, Thersites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.
Dio. How now, my charge!
Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*
Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she 's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cres. Remember! yes.
Dio. Nay, but do, then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List.
Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery!
Dio. Nay, then,—
Cres. I 'll tell you what,—
Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.
Cres. In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan!
Cres. Diomed,—
Dio. No, no, good night: I 'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pray thee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you, then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I 'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;

I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Tro. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.
He loved me—O false wench!—Give't me again.
Dio. Whose was 't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
I 'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worest it on thy horn,
It should be challenged.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go: one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come: O Jove! do come: I shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night: I prithee, come.
[*Exit Diomedes.*
Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'

Ulyss. All 's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.
Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt without a theme
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.
Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?
Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.
Ther. Will a' swagger himself out on's own eyes?
Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved and loosed;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he 'll bear on his helm:
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,

Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He 'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they 'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy;
Ajax your guard stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.
Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I 'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery! still wars and lechery! nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

And. "When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day."

Scene III.

Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I 'll go!
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
Cas. O, 'tis true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.
Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.
And. O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts
And rob in the behalf of charity.
Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:

Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.

[*Exit Cassandra.*

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth:
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I 'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now! how now!

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth!

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is afield;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!

And. Do not, dear father

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit Andromache.*

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry 'Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!'

Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell: yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive. [*Exit.*

Hect. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town: we 'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!
[*Exeunt severally Priam and Hector. Alarum.*

Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here 's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick
so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this

girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on 't. What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
The effect doth operate another way.
[*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.
My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds.
[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene IV.

The field between Troy and the Grecian camp.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Thersites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I 'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry. They set me up in policy that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the

cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus.

Soft! here comes sleeve, and t' other.

Tro. Fly not, for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! Now for thy whore, Trojan! Now the sleeve, now the sleeve! [*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee. Live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What 's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle: yet in a sort lechery eats itself. I 'll seek them. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Enter Diomedes and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.
Ser. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful sagittary
Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon he 's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,

And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there and every where he leaves and takes,
Dexterity so obeying appetite
That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:
Hector! where 's Hector? I will none but Hector.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.

Another part of the field.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where 's Troilus?
Ajax. What would'st thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I 'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.
Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both!
[*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; ha! have at thee, Hector!
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.

Re-enter Troilus.

How now, my brother!

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I 'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark.
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well;
I 'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I 'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I 'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then Thersites.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it. Now, bull! now, dog! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game: ware horns, ho!

[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel 's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement: farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exit.*

Scene VIII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I 'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
[*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.
[*Hector falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And stickler-like the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword that frankly would have fed,
Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.
[*Sheathes his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.
[*Exeunt. A retreat sounded.*

Scene IX.

Another part of the field.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and the rest, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums!

[*Within*] 'Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!'
Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along: let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
[*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene X.

Another part of the field.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Hector is slain.
All. Hector! The gods forbid!
Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Tro. You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there 'Hector's dead':
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I 'll through and through you! and, thou great-sized coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I 'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it? Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths:

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I 'll sweat and seek about for eases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [*Exit.*

Glossary.

A', he; I. ii. 211.
Abject in regard, held in little estimation (Quarto, "*object*"); III. iii. 128.
Abruption, breaking off; III. ii. 67.
Adamant, the loadstone; III. ii. 183.
Addition, title; II. iii. 248.
Additions, virtues, characteristic qualities; I. ii. 20.
Addle, used with play on "idle"; I. ii. 138.
Address, prepare; IV. iv. 146.
Advertised, informed; II. ii. 211.
Afeard, afraid; IV. iv. 82.
Affection, passion, lust; II. ii. 177.
Affined, related, joined by affinity; I. iii. 25.
Affronted, encountered, matched; III. ii. 170.
Against, just before, in expectation of; I. ii. 182.
Albeit, although; III. ii. 138.
Allow, acknowledge; III. ii. 93.
Allowance, acknowledgment; I. iii. 377.
An, if, as if; "an 'twere," like, just as (Quartos, Folios, "*and*"); I. i. 79.
Anchises, the father of Æneas; IV. i. 21.
Antics, buffoons; V. iii. 86.
Appear it, let it appear; III. iii. 3.
Appertainments, dignity appertaining to us (Quarto, "*appertainings*"); II. iii. 87.
Apply, explain, interpret; I. iii. 32.
Appointment, equipment; IV. v. 1.
Apprehensions, conception, perception; II. iii. 118.
Approve, prove; III. ii. 178.
Aquilon, the north wind; IV. v. 9.
Argument, subject of a play; Prol. 25.
Argus, the fabulous monster with a hundred eyes; I. ii. 31.
Ariachne's, Arachne's; *i.e.* the spider's (Folios, "*Ariachnes*"; Quarto, "*Ariachnas*"; Pope, "*slight Arachne's*"; Capell, "*is Arachnes*"; Steevens conj. "*Ariadne's* or *Arachnea's*"); V. ii. 152.
Artist, scholar; I. iii. 24.
As, equal to, as good as, III. ii. 53; as if, III. iii. 167.
Aspects, influence; I. iii. 92.
Assinego, ass (Quarto, Folios, "*Asinico*"; Singer conj. "*asnico*"); II. i. 48.
Assubjugate, bring into subjection, debase; II. iii. 194.

Attach'd, "be a. with," have a feeling of; V. ii. 161.
Attaint, taint, stain; I. ii. 26.
Attest, testimony; V. ii. 122.
——, call to witness; II. ii. 132.
Attribute, reputation; II. iii. 119.
Attributive, ascribing excellent qualities (Folios, "*inclineable*"); II. ii. 58.

Barks, ships; Prol. 12.
Battle, army; III. ii. 27.
Beam, heavy lance; V. v. 9.
Beastly, like a beast; V. x. 5.
Beaver, here helmet; properly, the front of the helmet; I. iii. 296.
Beef-witted, with no more wit than an ox (Grey conj. "*half-witted*"); II. i. 14.
Benumbed, deprived of sensation, insensible; II. ii. 179.
Bestowing, functions; III. ii. 37.
Better, used quibblingly—a better man; III. i. 12.
——; "were b.," had better; I. iii. 370.
Bias, originally a term in the game of bowls; here, out of a straight line, awry; I. iii. 15.
Bias cheek, "as the bowl on the biassed side"; IV. v. 8.
Bias-drawing, turning awry; IV. v. 169.
Bi-fold, two-fold, double (Collier MS., "*by foole*"); V. ii. 144.
Black-a-moor, negress; I. i. 80.
Blank of danger, unknown danger; blank = a charter, to which one sets his seal or signature before it is filled up; III. iii. 231.
Blench, start, flinch; I. i. 28.
Blench from, fly off from, be inconstant to; II. ii. 68.
Bless, preserve; II. iii. 32.
Blood, passions, natural propensities; II. iii. 33.
Blown up, grown up (Capell conj. "*grown up*"); I. iii. 317.
Bob, cheat, trick; III. i. 69.

'*Blow, villain, till thy bias cheek,*' *etc.*
From a Pompeian wall-painting. (The cheeks are braced as a precaution against dangerous distention.)

Bobbed, thumped; II. i. 72.
Bode, forbode, be ominous; V. ii. 191.
Bodements, presages; V. iii. 80.
Bolting, sifting; I. i. 18.

Boot, something into the bargain, advantage; IV. v. 40.
——; "to b.," into the bargain; I. ii. 250.
Boreas, the north wind; I. iii. 38.
Bought and sold, made a fool of; II. i. 50.
Boy-queller, boy-killer; V. v. 45.
Brave, fine, splendid; Prol. 15.
——, defying, bravado; IV. iv. 137.
Bravely, admirably; I. ii. 189.
Brawn, arm (Quarto, "*braunes*"); I. iii. 297.
Breath, breathing, exercise; II. iii. 115.
Breese, gadfly (Quarto, "*Bryze*"; Folio 1, "*Brieze*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*Brize*"); I. iii. 48.
Briareus, the fabulous giant who was supposed to have a hundred hands; I. ii. 30.
Bring; "be with you to b.," an idiomatic expression = "to bring as good as I get" (give six for your half-dozen); I. ii. 291, 2.
——, take; IV. v. 53.
——, conduct; IV. v. 286.
Broad, wide (so Quarto; Folios read, "*lowd*" and "*loud*"); I. iii. 27.
——, puffed with pride; I. iii. 190.
Broils; "b. in loud applause," "basks in the sunshine of applause, even to broiling" (Schmidt); I. iii. 379.
Broken, interrupted; IV. iv. 48.
Broken music; "some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a "consort." If one or more instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a "consort," but "broken music" (Chapell); III. i. 50.
Brooch, v. Notes; II. i. 119.
Brotherhoods, associations, corporations; I. iii. 104.
Bruit, rumour; V. ix. 4.
Brushes, hurts; V. iii. 34.
Buss, kiss; IV. v. 220.
By God's lid = by God's eye, an oath; I. ii. 218.

Caduceus, Mercury's rod; II. iii. 13.
Can = can do; II. ii. 135.
Cancer, the zodiacal sign of the summer solstice; II. iii. 198.
Capable; "more c.," abler; III. iii. 307.
Capocchia; "a fabricated feminine form of the Italian word '*capocchio*,' which means a dolt, a simpleton, a fool" (Clarke); (Folios, Quarto, "*chipochia*"; Collier, "*capocchio*"); IV. ii. 31.
Captive, conquered; V. iii. 40.
Carry, carry off, bear off; V. vi. 24.
Catlings, strings of catgut; III. iii. 304.

Centre, earth; I. iii. 85.
Chafe thee, become angry; IV. v. 260.
Chance, chances it; III. i. 137.
Changeful, inconstant; IV. iv. 97.
Change of, exchange for; III. iii. 27.
Chapmen, buyers; IV. i. 75.
Characterless, unrecorded; III. ii. 192.
Characters, figures; I. iii. 325.
Charge, expense; IV. i. 57.
——; "on c.," on compulsion, by your order; IV. iv. 133.
Charon, the ferryman who rowed the souls of the departed over the river Styx; III. ii. 10.
Circumstance, details of argument; III. iii. 114.
Clamours, noises, sounds; I. i. 92.
Cliff, clef or key; a musical term; V. ii. 11.
Clotpoles, blockheads; II. i. 122.
Cloud; "a c. in autumn," a cloud heralding bad weather; I. ii. 131.
Co-act, act, play together; V. ii. 118.
Cobloaf, a crusty, uneven loaf with a round top to it (Malone conj. "*Coploaf*") II. i. 40.
Cogging, cheating, deceiving; V. vi. 11.
Cognition, perception; V. ii. 63.
Colossus-wise, like a Colossus; V. v. 9.
Compare, comparison; III. ii. 179.
Compassed, round; "c. window," bay-window (Quarto, Folios, "*compast*"); I. ii. 114.
Composure, bond (Folios, "*counsell that*"); II. iii. 102.
Con, learn by heart (Quarto, "*cunne*"); II. i. 18.
Condition, on condition, even though; I. ii. 75.
Conduce, is joined, brought together (Rowe, "*commence*"); V. ii. 147.
Conjure; "I cannot c.," I cannot raise up spirits; V. ii. 125.
Constringed, contracted, cramped; V. ii. 173.
Convince, convict, prove guilty; II. ii. 130.
Convive we, we will feast; IV. v. 272.
Convoy, conveyance; I. i. 107.
Coped, encountered; I. ii. 34.
Core, ulcer; II. i. 7.
Cormorant, ravenous (Folio 1, "*cormorant*"); II. ii. 6.
Corse, corpse, body; II. iii. 35.
Counters, round pieces of metal used in counting; II. ii. 28.
Cousin, niece (a title given to any kinsman and kinswoman); I. ii. 44.
Creep in, steal secretly into; III. iii. 134.
Critics, censurers, carpers; V. ii. 131.
Crownets, coronets; Prol. 6.
Crushed into, pressed into, mixed with (Warburton, "*crusted into*"); I. ii. 23.
Cunning, powerful; III. ii. 136.
Curious, causing care; III. ii. 67.

Daphne, the nymph beloved by Apollo, who fleeing from his pursuit was changed into a laurel tree; I. i. 101.

Darking, darkening, growing dark; V. viii. 7.

Date, dates were commonly used in pastry in Shakespeare's time; I. ii. 269.

Daws, jackdaws; I. ii. 255.

Days, "a whole week by d.," every day for a whole week; IV. i. 9.

Dear, earnest; V. iii. 9.

Death-tokens, "the spots which indicate the approaching death of persons infected with the plague"; II. iii. 179.

Debonair, gentle, meek; I. iii. 235.

Deceptious, delusive; V. ii. 123.

Decline, run through in detail; II. iii. 55.

——, fall; IV. v. 189.

Declined, fallen; IV. v. 189.

Deem, thought; IV. iv. 59.

Deject, dejected; II. ii. 50.

Depravation, detraction; V. ii. 132.

Deputation, power deputed to thee; I. iii. 152.

Deracinate, uproot; I. iii. 99.

Derive, deduce logically; II. iii. 63.

Destiny, fate ["labouring for destiny" = "the viceregent of Fate" (Malone)]; IV. v. 184.

Dexter, right; IV. v. 128.

Diana's waiting-women, i.e. the stars; V. ii. 91.

Diminutives, insignificant things; V. i. 34.

Directive, able to be directed; I. iii. 356.

Discourse, reasoning; V. ii. 142.

Discover'd, revealed, disclosed; I. iii. 138.

Discoveries, (?) monstrosities (Hanmer, "*debaucheries*"; Singer (Ed. 2), "*discoverers*"; Collier MS., "*discolourers*"); V. i. 27.

Dismes, tenths; II. ii. 19.

Disorb'd, unsphered (Quarto, "*disorbd*"); II. ii. 46.

Dispose, disposition; II. iii. 166.

Disposer, one who can bring another to do anything (or perhaps = entertainer); III. i. 91.

Distains, stains, taints; I. iii. 241.

Distaste, dislike; II. ii. 66.

——, make distasteful; II. ii. 123.

Distasted, made distasteful; IV. iv. 48.

Distraction, despair, madness; V. ii. 41.

Dividable, divided; I. iii. 105.

Double-henned; "perhaps, with a double hen, *i.e.* with a female married to two cocks, and thus false to both" (Schmidt); V. vii. 11.

Draught-oxen, oxen used to draw a cart or plough (Folios, "*draft-oxen*"); II. i. 111.

Drave, urged on; III. iii. 190.

Dress'd, addressed, prepared; I. iii. 166.

Dwells, depends on; I. iii. 336.

Edge, sword; V. v. 24.

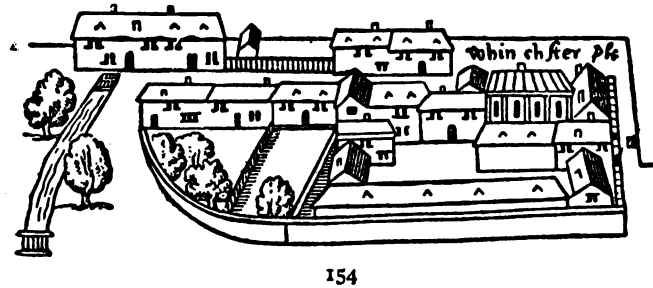
Eld, old age (Quarto, "*elders*"; Folios, "*old*"); II. ii. 104.
Elements; "the two moist e.," *i.e.* water and air; I. iii. 41.
Embracement, embracing; IV. v. 148.
Embrasures, embraces; IV. iv. 37.
Emulation, envy, jealousy; II. ii. 212.
Emulous, envious (Folios 1, 2, "*emulations*"; Folios 3, 4, "*emulatious*"); II. iii. 75.
Encounterers, people who meet others half-way; IV. v. 58.
End, kill, destroy; I. ii. 79.
Engine, instrument; II. iii. 137.
Enginer, pioneer; II. iii. 8.
Enter, to enter; II. iii. 189.
Entreat, treat; IV. iv. 113.
——, invite; IV. v. 274.
Envy, malice; III. ii. 99.
Errant, deviating; I. iii. 9.
Errors, deceptions; V. iii. 111.
Exact; "grace exact"; *v.* Note; I. iii. 180.
Exasperate = exasperated; V. i. 30.
Excitements, incitements; I. iii. 182.
Exclaim, outcry; V. iii. 91.
Execute, practise, use; V. vii. 6.
Execution, working; I. iii. 210.
Expect, expectation; I. iii. 70.
Expectance = expectation; IV. v. 146.
Expressure, expression; III. iii. 204.
Extremes, extremity; IV. ii. 105.
Extremity; "the edge of all e.," to the uttermost; IV. v. 68.
Faction, union; II. iii. 102.
——, take sides in the quarrel; III. iii. 190.
Fail, let fail; V. i. 44.
Fair, well; IV. iv. 113.
Fall, let fall; I. iii. 379.
Fan = winnowing fan; I. iii. 27.

From an emblazoning on the shield of Sir R. de Septvans (d. 1306), in Chartham Church, near Canterbury.

Fancy, love; IV. iv. 25.
——, love (verb); V. ii. 165.
Fat, nourish; II. ii. 48.
Favour, countenance, face; I. ii. 95.
Fee farm, "of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is for ever, reserving a certain rent" (Malone); III. ii. 51.
Fell, fierce, savage; IV. v. 269.
Fills, shafts of a carriage; III. ii. 46.
Finch-egg, a term of contempt; V. i. 37.
Fitchew, polecat; V. i. 63.
Fits, the divisions of a song or tune; (perhaps = "when the humour takes you"); III. i. 58.

Five-finger-tied, tied with all the fingers of the hand; V. ii. 157.
Fixture, stability; I. iii. 101.
Flat tamed, stale, insipid; IV. i. 62.
Fled, have fled (Pope, "*get*"; Capell, "*flee*"; Keightley conj. "*have fled*"); I. iii. 51.
Flexure, bending (Folios, "*flight*"); II. iii. 109.
Flood, ocean, sea; I. i. 105.
——, "in f.," in full flow; I. iii. 300.
Flow to, hasten towards (Johnson conj. "*show too*"); V. ii. 41.
Fonder, more foolish; I. i. 10.
For, against; I. ii. 281.
——, because; V. iii. 21.
Force, power, might; IV. i. 18.
——, stuff; II. iii. 224.
Forced, stuffed; V. i. 60.
Forthright, straight path; III. iii. 158.
Fraction, discord; II. iii. 101.
Fraughtage, freight, cargo; Prol. 13.
Frayed with, frightened by (Quarto, Folios, "*fraid*"); III. ii. 32.
Free, generous, noble-minded; IV. v. 139.
Friend, befriend, favour; I. ii. 79.
Frighting, frightening; V. iv. 34.
Frush, bruise, batter; V. vi. 29.
Fulfilling, filling full; Prol. 18.
Full; "in the f.," in full company, all together; IV. v. 272.
Fusty, mouldy; I. iii. 161.

Gaging, engaging, binding; V. i. 42.
Gait, walk; IV. v. 14.
Gallantry, gallants; III. i. 135.
Gear, matter, affair; I. i. 6.
Generals, collective qualities; I. iii. 180.
Genius, the spirit supposed to direct the actions of man; IV. iv. 50.
Glozed, used mere words; II. ii. 165.
God-a-mercy, used in the sense of Gramercy, many thanks; V. iv. 33.
Goose of Winchester, strumpet (the houses of ill-fame in London were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Win-



chester; the annexed engraving, from Aggas's map in Guildhall, represents the locality—in Southwark—where these houses were situated); V. x. 55.

Gored, hurt, wounded; III. iii. 228.

Gorget, throat armour; I. iii. 174.

From a specimen in the Londesborough collection.

Gracious, holy; II. ii. 125.

Grated, ground; III. ii. 192.

Great morning, broad day; IV. iii. 1.

Greekish, Greek; III. iii. 211.

——; "all the G. ears." *i.e.* the ears of all the Greeks; I. iii. 67.

Grossness, bulk; I. iii. 325.

Hair, grain; "against the h." = against the grain; I. ii. 28.

Hale, drag; IV. v. 6.

Hamstring, tendon of the knee-joint; I. iii. 154.

Hardiment, hardihood; IV. v. 28.

Hare, timid (Folios, "*hard*"); II. ii. 48.

Hatch'd, engraved; "h. in silver," probably = silver-haired; I. iii. 65.

Hateful, full of hate; IV. i. 33.

Have at thee, be warned; V. iv. 24.

Having, possessions, endowments; III. iii. 97.

Heart; "from h. of very h.," from my heart's core; IV. v. 171.

Heaving, swelling, resentful; II. ii. 196.

Hedge aside, creep along by the hedge (Quarto, "*turne*"; Collier, "*edge*"); III. iii. 158.

Him, himself; I. ii. 287.

His, its; I. iii. 210.

His = 's; "Mars his idiot" = Mars's idiot; II. i. 57.

Hold, regard as, look upon as; II. iii. 191.

Holding, keeping (Quarto, "*keeping*"); II. ii. 52.

Honesty, chastity; I. ii. 284.

Hot, rash; V. iii. 16.

However, although; I. iii. 322.

Hoy-day, an exclamation; V. i. 69.

Hulks, large, heavy ships (Folios, "*bulkes*"); II. iii. 267.

Humorous, capricious; II. iii. 132.

Humours, caprices; I. ii. 23.

Hung. made linger; IV. v. 188.

Hurricano, water-spout; V. ii. 172.

Hurt, do harm; V. iii. 20.

Husbandry. thrift; I. ii. 7.

Hyperion, the sun-god, Phœbus Apollo; II. iii. 199.

Idle, used with play on "addle"; I. ii. 139.
——, useless; V. i. 30.
Ignomy, ignominy (Quarto, "*ignomyny*"); V. x. 33.
Ilion, Troy (Quarto, Folios 1, 2, "*Illion*"); II. ii. 109.
Immaterial, worthless; V. i. 35.
Immures, walls (Folio 1, "*emures*"); Prol. 8.
Impair, unsuitable, inappropriate (Quarto, "*impare*"; Capell, "*impar*"; Johnson conj. "*impure*"); IV. v. 103.
Imperious, imperial; IV. v. 172.
Imposition, injunction, the task imposed; III. ii. 81.
Impressure, impression; IV. v. 131.
Imputation, reputation; I. iii. 339.
In, in the estimation of; II. ii. 56.
——, within, internally, mentally; III. iii. 97.
Inches; "even to his i.," most thoroughly, exactly; IV. v. 111.
Includes, ends, comes to an end (Quarto, "*include*"); I. iii. 119.
Indrench'd, immersed (Rowe, "*intrench'd*"); I. i. 51.
Infect, infected; I. iii. 187.
Infinite, infinity, immense greatness; II. ii. 29.
Inseparate, indivisible; V. ii. 148.
Insisture, persistency, constancy; I. iii. 87.
Instance, proof; V. ii. 153, 155.
Instant; "take the i. way," serve the present time; III. iii. 153.

Jove's accord, i.e. with Jove's accord, assent; I. iii. 238.

Keep, lodge, dwell; IV. v. 278.
Ken, know; IV. v. 14.

Last, at last, in the end; I. iii. 124.
Lavolt, i.e. the *lavota,* a lively dance; IV. iv. 86.
Lazars, lepers; II. iii. 36.
Learn, teach, tell; II. i. 22.
Leather jerkin, a short leathern coat; III. iii. 266.
Leavening, the admixing of sour dough; I. i. 20.
Leave to see, give up seeing; V. i. 99.
Let blood, bleed; II. iii. 214.
Libya; "the banks of L.," the African desert; I. iii. 328.
Lie, you lie; III. iii. 162.
Lief, willingly; I. ii. 107.
Lifter, cheat, thief (used quibblingly); I. ii. 121.
Light, quickly (Quarto, Folio 1, "*harnest lyte*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*harnest light*"; Theobald, "*harness-dight*"); I. ii. 8.
Like, likely; III. iii. 42.
Like as, as if; I. ii. 7.
Likes not you, does not please (Folios, "*likes not me*"); V. ii. 103.
Lime-kilns i' the palm, i.e. gouty lumps (chalk-stones) in the hand; V. i. 25.

Look upon, be a spectator; V. vi. 10.
Lover; "your l.," one who loves you; III. iii. 214.
Lunes, mad freaks (Folios, "*lines*"; Quarto, "*course, and time*"); II. iii. 133.
Lust, pleasure; IV. iv. 132.
Lustihood, high spirits; II. ii. 50.
Luxurious, lustful; V. iv. 9.
Luxury, lust; V. ii. 55.

Maculation, stain; IV. iv. 64.
Maiden battle, unbloody combat; IV. v. 87.
Mail, coat of mail, armour; III. iii. 152.
Main, general; I. iii. 373.
——, full force; II. iii. 263.
Manage, direction, administration; III. iii. 25.
Mark, attend, listen to; V. vii. 2.
Mars his helm, Mars' helmet (his = possessive); IV. v. 255.
Marvellous = marvellously (Pope's unnecessary emendation; Quarto, Folio 1, "*maruel's*"; Folios 2, 3, "*marvel's*"); abbreviated form of "marvellously"; I. ii. 141.
Mastic, v. note; I. iii. 73.
Match, i.e. "I'll lay my life"; IV. v. 37.
Matter, business; IV. ii. 61.
May, can; V. ii. 101.
Means not = means not to be; I. iii. 288.
Medicinable, medicinal (Quarto, Folios, "*med'cinable*"); I. iii. 91.
Mends; "she has the mends in her own hands"; probably a proverbial expression = "she must make the best of it"; I. i. 68.
Mere, absolute; I. iii. 111.
Merry Greek, boon-companion; "The Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations" (Nares); I. ii. 112.
Mill-stones; "to weep mill-stones" was a proverbial expression which meant "to remain hard and unfeeling as a stone" = "not to weep at all"; I. ii. 149.
Milo, the famous Greek athlete, who was said to be able to carry a bull; II. iii. 248.
Mirable = admirable, worthy of admiration; IV. v. 142.
Miscarrying, being defeated, killed; I. iii. 351.
Misprizing, undervaluing; IV. v. 74.
Moiety, part; II. ii. 107.
Moist, wet, damp; I. iii. 41.
Monstruosity, unnaturalness; III. ii. 28.
Monumental, memorial; III. iii. 153.
Moral, meaning; IV. iv. 107.
Motive, instrument, moving limb; IV. v. 57.
Multipotent, almighty; IV. v. 129.
Myrmidon; "the great m.," *i.e.* Achilles, the chief of the myrmidons; I. iii. 378.

Nail, finger-nail; IV. v. 46.
Neglection, neglect; I. iii. 127.
Nice, accurate; IV. v. 250.
Nod; "to give the nod" was a term in the game of cards called Noddy; the words meant also "a silly fellow, a fool"; I. ii. 203.
Noise, rumour; I. ii. 12.
Nothing, nothing is; I. iii. 239.

Oblique (?) indirect (Hanmer, "*antique*"; Warburton, "*obelisque*"); V. i. 56.
Odd; "to be o.," to be at odds; IV. v. 265.
Oddly, unequally; I. iii. 339.
O'er-eaten, "eaten and begnawn on all sides"; V. ii. 160.
O'erfalled, inflamed; V. iii. 55.
O'er-wrested, strained (Pope's reading; Quarto, Folios 1, 2, 3, "*ore-rested*"; Folio 4, "*o'er-rested*"; Delius conj. "*o'er-jested*"); I. iii. 157.
Of, by; I. i. 71; II. iii. 191.
——, on; III. iii. 265.
On, of; I. i. 71; III. iii. 304.
——, with, by; II. ii. 143.
——, in; III. ii. 27.
——, "crying on," crying out on; V. v. 35.
One; "'tis all one," it is all the same; I. i. 80.
Opes, opens; I. iii. 73.
Opinion, reputation; I. iii. 336; I. iii. 373.
——, self-conceit, arrogance; II. iii. 265.
Oppugnancy, opposition; I. iii. 111.
Orchard, garden; III. ii. 16.
Orgulous, proud, haughty; Prol. 2.
Orifex, orifice, aperture; V. ii. 151.
Orts, remnants; V. ii. 158.
Overbulk, overtower; I. iii. 320.
Owes, ownes; III. iii. 99.
Oyes, hear ye!; attend! the usual introduction to a proclamation; IV. v. 143.

Pace, step, degree; I. iii. 132.
Pageant, theatrical exhibition; III. ii. 76.
Pageants, mimics; I. iii. 151.
Painted cloths, hangings for walls; V. x. 47. (*Cp.* illustration in *As You Like It.*)
Palating, perceiving by taste; IV. i. 59.
Palter, trifle, shuffle; II. iii. 234.
Paradoxes, absurdities (Johnson conj. "*parodies*"); I. iii. 184.
Parallels, i.e. parallel lines; I. iii. 168.
Pard, leopard; III. ii. 198.
Part, party, side; I. iii. 352.
Parted; "how dearly ever p.," however richly endowed by nature; III. iii. 96.
Partial, to which they are inclined; II. ii. 178.
Particular; "toucheth my p.," I am personally concerned; II. ii. 9.
——, personal, with play upon *general*; IV. v. 20.
Parts, gifts, endowments; III. iii. 117.
Parts of nature, natural gifts; II. iii. 243.

Party, side; II. ii. 156.
Pash, strike (Quarto, "*push*"); II. iii. 205.
Pashed, struck down; V. v. 10.
Pass, experience, suffer (Collier MS., "*poise*"); II. ii. 139.
Passed = surpassed, beggars description; I. ii. 173.
Past proportions, immensity; II. ii. 29.
Patchery, gross and bungling hypocrisy; II. iii. 73.
Peace, be still, be silent; I. i. 92.
Peevish, foolish; V. iii. 16.
Pelting, paltry; IV. v. 267.
Perdition, destruction; V. ii. 145.
Perforce, of necessity; I. iii. 123.
Performance, carrying out; II. ii. 196.
Per se, by himself, pre-eminent; I. ii. 15.
Perseus' horse, Pegasus, the winged horse ridden by Perseus; I. iii. 42.
Persistive, patient, persevering; I. iii. 21.
Person, personal appearance; IV. iv. 79.
Pertly, saucily; IV. v. 219.
Pheeze, make to hurry, drive, beat; II. iii. 207.
Pia mater, brain; II. i. 74.
Piece, cask of wine; IV. i. 62.
Pight, pitched; V. x. 24.
Placket, petticoat, woman; II. iii. 22.
Plague; "the p. of Greece," "alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army" (Johnson); II. i. 13.
Plaguy, pestilently (used with play upon the word "death-tokens"); II. iii. 179.
Plantage, anything planted ("plants were supposed to improve as the moon increases") (Nares); III. ii. 181.
Poised, weighed, balanced; I. iii. 339.
Politic regard, a look full of meaning; perhaps, shrewd, or sly; III. iii. 254.
Porpentine, porcupine; II. i. 27.
Port, gate; IV. iv. 111.
Possess, put you in possession, inform; IV. iv. 112.
Possession; "her p.," possession of her; II. ii. 152.
Power, armed force; I. iii. 139.
Pregnant, ready; IV. iv. 88.
Prenominate, foretell; IV. v. 250.
Presented, represented; depicted; III. ii. 76.
Presently, immediately; II. iii. 142.
Pricks, points; I. iii. 343.
Primogenitive, right of primogeniture (Quarto, "*primogenitie*"; Rowe, "*primogeniture*"); I. iii. 106.
Private soul, personal opinion; IV. v. 111.
Prodigious, portentous; V. i. 96.
Proof, the thing which is proved; V. v. 29.

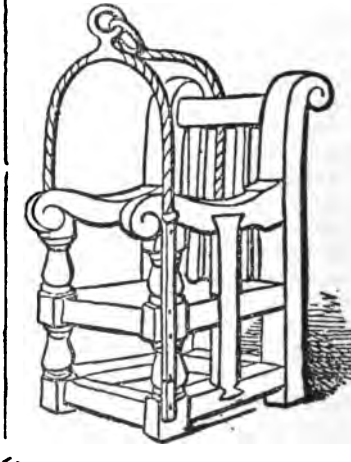
Proof of more strength, stronger proof; V. ii. 113.
Propend, incline; II. ii. 190.
Propension, inclination; II. ii. 133.
Proper, handsome, comely; I. ii. 200.
——, own; II. ii. 89.
Propugnation, means of combat, defence; II. ii. 136.
Protractive, prolonged; I. iii. 20.
Prove = prove ourselves; III. ii. 93.
Pun, pound, dash to pieces; II. i. 41.
Puttock, kite; V. i. 64.

Quality, cause, reason; IV. i. 44.
——; "full of q.," highly accomplished; IV. iv. 76.
Question, conversation, intercourse; IV. i. 11.

Rank, rankly; I. iii. 196.
Ransack'd, stolen, carried off; II. ii. 150.
Rape, carrying off; II. ii. 148.
Rash, urgent, hasty (Rowe, "harsh"); IV. ii. 61.
Reck not, care not; V. vi. 26.
Recordation, remembrance; "to make a r. to my soul," *i.e.* to recall to mind; V. ii. 116.
Recourse, frequent flowing; V. iii. 55.
Rein; "in such a r.," bridles up; I. iii. 189.
Rejoindure, joining again; IV. iv. 36.
Relation, report, narration; III. iii. 201.
Reproof, confutation, refutation; I. iii. 33.
Repured, refined, purified (Folios, "*reputed*"); III. ii. 21.
Respect, deliberation, reflection; II. ii. 49.
——, *i.e.* the respect due to thee; V. iii. 73.
Retire, retreat; V. iii. 53; V. iv. 21.
Retort, throw back; III. iii. 101.
Revolt, rebellion; V. ii. 146.
——, rebel; V. ii. 144.
Rheum, cold watering; V. iii. 105.
Ribald, noisy (Ingleby conj. "*rabble*"); IV. ii. 9.
Rich; "the r. shall have more," probably alluding to the Scriptural phrase, "To him that hath shall be given"; I. ii. 205.
Right, exactly; I. iii. 170.
Rive, be split; I. i. 35.
Roisting, roistering; II. ii. 208.
Roundly, plainly; III. ii. 158.
Rub on, and kiss the mistress; "The allusion is to *bowling.* What we now call the *Jack* seems, in Shakespeare's time, to have been termed the *mistress.* A bowl that kissed the *Jack* or *mistress* is in the most advantageous position. *Rub on* is a term at the same game" (Malone); III. ii. 50.
Ruin, overthrow, fall; V. iii. 58.
Ruth, pity; V. iii. 48.
Ruthful, piteous; V. iii. 48.

Sacred, consecrated (an appropriate epithet of royalty); IV. v. 134.
Sagittary, Centaur; V. v. 14.
Salt, bitter; I. iii. 371.
Sans, without; I. iii. 94.
Savage strangeness, unpolished rude reserve; II. iii. 129.
Scaffoldage, the woodwork of the stage (Folios 1, 2, 3, "*Scaffolage*"; Quarto, "*Scoaffollage*"); I. iii. 156.
Scaled, having scales; V. v. 22.
Scantling, small portion; I. iii. 341.
Scar, wound; I. i. 114.
Scorn, laugh to scorn, make a mock of; I. i. 114.
Sculls, shoals (Folios, "*sculs*"; Pope, "*shoals*"; Anon. conj. "*schools*"); V. v. 22.
Seam, lard; II. iii. 187.
Secure, over-confident; II. ii. 15.
Securely, carelessly, confidently; IV. v. 73.
See = see each other; IV. iv. 57.
Seeming, show; I. iii. 157.
Seethes, is urgent, in hot haste; III. i. 41.
Seld, seldom; IV. v. 150.
Self-affected, self-loving; II. iii. 240.
Self-breath, his own words; II. iii. 174.
Sennet, a set of notes on the cornet or trumpet; I. iii. Stage Direc.
Sequestering, separating, putting aside; III. iii. 8.
Serpigo, eruption on the skin, leprosy; II. iii. 76.
Set to, oppose to; II. i. 90.
Severally, separately; IV. v. 274.
Severals, individual qualities; I. iii. 180.
'Sfoot, a corruption of *God's foot*; II. iii. 5.
Shame, disgrace; V. iii. 73.
She, woman; I. ii. 301, 303.
Shent, put to shame, reviled; II. iii. 82.
Shipmen, seamen, sailors; V. ii. 172.
Shoeing-horn, "the emblem of one who is a subservient tool to the caprices of another"; V. i. 57.
Short-armed, not reaching far (Dyce conj. "*short-aimed*"); II. iii. 15.
Should, would; I. iii. 112, 114, 115, 116, 118.
Shrewd, cunning, keen; I. ii. 197.
Shrewdly, quite badly; III. iii. 228.
Shrills forth, utters loudly; V. iii. 84.
Sick, envious; I. iii. 133.
Sieve, wicker basket, voider (Quarto, "*sine*"; Folio 1, "*same*"; Folios 2, 3, 4, "*place*"; Delius conj. "*sink*"; Anon. conj., "*safe*"); II. ii. 71.
Sinister, left; IV. v. 128.
Sith, since; I. iii. 13.
Skilless, ignorant; I. i. 12.
Sleave silk, soft floss silk used for weaving; V. i. 31.

Sleeveless, bootless; V. iv. 9.
Sluttish, unchaste (Collier conj. "*skittish*"); IV. v. 62.
Smile at, mock at, laugh derisively at (Hanmer, "*smite all Troy*"; Warburton, "*smite at Troy*"; etc.); V. x. 7.
So, in such a way; under such conditions; II. ii. 145.
Soilure, stain (Quarto, "*soyle*"); IV. i. 56.
Sometime = sometimes; I. iii. 151.
Sort, lot; I. iii. 376.
——, manner; V. x. 5.
Sorts, befits, is fitting; I. i. 109.
Specialty; "the s. of rule," *i.e.* "the particular rights of supreme authority" (Johnson); (Folios 3, 4, "*speciality*"); I. iii. 78.
Speculation, the power of seeing; III. iii. 109.
Spend his mouth, bark; V. i. 94.
Sperr, shut, bar (Theobald's emendation of Folios 1, 2, "*Stirre*"; Collier MS., "*Sparre*"; Capell, "*Sperrs*"); Prol. 19.
Sphered, placed in a sphere; I. iii. 90.
——, rounded, swelled; IV. v. 8.
Spirits (monosyllabic); Prol. 20.
Spleen, fit of laughter; I. iii. 178.
——; "the weakest s." = "the dullest and coldest heart"; II. ii. 128.
Spleens, impulses, caprices; II. ii. 196.
Splinter, splintering, breaking; I. iii. 283.
Spoils, prey; IV. v. 62.
Spritely, spirited; II. ii. 190.
Square, judge; V. ii. 132.
Stale, vapid, used up (Quarto, "*pale*"); II. ii. 79.
——, make common, vulgarize; II. iii. 193.
Starts, startles; V. ii. 101.
State; "this noble s.," stately, noble train; II. iii. 112.
Stickler-like, like an umpire in a combat; V. viii. 18.
Still, continually, always; IV. v. 195.
Stithied, forged; IV. v. 255.
Stomach, inclination (with a quibble on other sense = courage); IV. v. 264.
Stomach, courage; II. i. 131.
Stool for a witch (the subjoined engraving represents a



specimen of the ducking-stool belonging to the corporation of Ipswich); II. i. 6.

Straight, straightway, immediately; III. ii. 16.

Strain, difficulty, doubt (Keightley conj. "*doubt*"); I. iii. 326.

——, impulse; II. ii. 154.

Strange, reserved; II. iii. 240.

Strawy, resembling straw (Folios, "*straying*"); V. v. 24.

Stretch'd, affected, exaggerated; I. iii. 156.

Stygian banks, banks of the river Styx, the river of the infernal regions over which Charon ferried the souls of the dead; III. ii. 9.

Subduements, victories; IV. v. 187.

Subscribes, submits, yields; IV. v. 105.

Substance, wealth; I. iii. 324.

Success, result, issue; I. iii. 340.

Sufferance, suffering; I. i. 28.

Suffocate = suffocated; I. iii. 125.

Sum, count up; II. ii. 28.

Sunburnt, tanned by the sun, hence plain, not fair; I. iii. 282.

Suppose, supposition; I. iii. 11.

Sure, surely; V. ii. 126.

Swath, grass cut by the scythe; V. v. 25.

Swounding, swooning (Quarto, Folios, "*Sounding*"; Pope, "*Swooning*"); III. ii. 22.

Tables, tablets; IV. v. 60.

Tabourines, drums; IV. v. 275.

Tarre on, incite, urge on; I. iii. 392.

Tender objects, tender feeling; IV. v. 106.

Tent, probe for searching a wound; II. ii. 16.

Tercel, male hawk (the annexed engraving represents a falconer on the borders of a lake arousing the ducks to flight that the hawk may strike them); III. ii. 54.

From Queen Mary's Psalter (XIVth cent.) Royal MS 2B vii.

Tetchy, touchy, peevish (Quarto, Folios, "*teachy*"); I. i. 99.

That, that person; II. iii. 191.

Thetis, a sea-goddess, mother of Achilles; "confounded with *Tethys,* the wife of Oceanus, and used for the sea, the ocean" (Schmidt); I. iii. 39.

Thicker, quicker; III. ii. 36.

This = this way, thus; I. ii. 12.

Through warm, thoroughly warmed; II. iii. 224.

Throw my glove, challenge; IV. iv. 63.

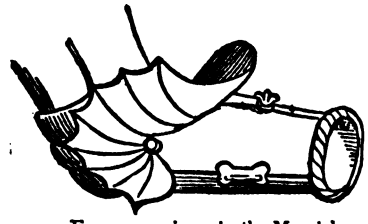
Thwart, athwart, crosswise; I. iii. 15.

Tick, an insect; III. iii. 312.

Tickle it, make him pay; V. ii. 177.
Ticklish, wanton (Folios, "*tickling*"); IV. v. 61.
Tide, right time; V. i. 86.
Titan, the god of the sun; V. x. 25.
Tithe, tenth; II. ii. 19.
To, in addition to; I. i. 7.
——, compared to; I. iii. 344.
——, set to, onward; II. i. 114.
Toast, a dainty morsel (Beckett conj. "*tot*"; Halliwell conj. "*boast*"); I. iii. 45.
Topless, immeasurably high, supreme (Warburton, "*stopless*"); I. iii. 152.
Tortive, distorted; I. iii. 9.
Traded, practised, professional; II. ii. 64.
Train, entice, draw; V. iii. 4.
Transportance, transport; III. ii. 11.
Troy walls, the walls of Troy; I. iii. 12.
Trump, trumpet; III. iii. 210.
Trumpet, trumpeter; I. iii. 256.
Turtle, turtle-dove; III. ii. 182.
'Twixt, between; II. ii. 64.
Typhon = Typhorus, a fabulous giant, who attempted to dethrone Jove, but was defeated and imprisoned under Etna; I. iii. 160.

Unarm'd, when unarmed; I. iii. 235.
Uncomprehensive, incomprehensible, mysterious; III. iii. 198.
Undergo, undertake; III. ii. 81.
Under-honest, "too little honourable"; II. iii. 127.
Underwrite, submit to; II. iii. 131.
Ungracious, hateful; I. i. 92.
Unity; "if there be rule in u. itself," *i.e.* "If there be *certainty* in *unity*, if there be a rule that one is one" (Johnson); V. ii. 141.
Unknown; "u. Ajax," *i.e.* "having abilities which were never brought into view or use" (Johnson); III. iii. 125.
Unmingled (quadrisyllabic); I. iii. 30.
Unplausive, displeased (Quarto, "*unpaulsive*"); III. iii. 43.
Unrespective, used at random; II. ii. 71.
Unsquared, not shaped or adapted to the purpose (Quarto, "*unsquare*"); I. iii. 159.
Untraded, unhackneyed; IV. v. 178.
Unwholesome, un-appetizing; II. iii. 123.
Usage, treatment; IV. iv. 119.
Use, utility; "dear in use" = very useful; III. iii. 128.
Use to, make a practice; II. i. 51.

Vail, setting; V. viii. 7.
Valiantly, bravely, finely (used ironically); I. ii. 129.
Vantbrace, armour for the arm (Quarto, "*vambrace*"); I. iii. 297.



From a specimen in the Meyrick collection.

Varlet, servant to a knight; I. i. 1.

——, (?) = harlot (perhaps the old spellings show a blending of (1) varlet and (2) harlot; Quarto, Folios 1, 2, 3, "*varlot*"; Thirlby conj. "*harlot*"); V. i. 18.

Vassalage, vassals; III. ii. 38.

Vaunt, first beginning; Prol. 27.

Venomous, malignant; IV. ii. 12.

Vents, outlets; V. iii. 82.

Very, mere; III. iii. 126.

Villain, a term of endearment; III. ii. 33.

Vindicative, vindictive; IV. v. 107.

Vinewed'st, most mouldy (Quarto, "*vnsalted*"; Folios, "*whined'st*"; Theobald, "*unwinnow'd'st*"; etc); II. i. 15.

Violenteth, is violent, doth rage; IV. iv. 4.

Vizarded, covered with a mask or *vizor* = masked; I. iii. 83.

Voices, applause, applauding voices; I. iii. 382.

Voluntary = voluntarily; II. i. 99, 100, 101.

Waftage, passage; III. ii. 10.

Wails, bewails; IV. v. 289.

Wallet, knapsack; III. iii. 145.

Ward, guard (a term in fencing); "at what w.," in what posture of defence; I. ii. 280.

Ware, aware; IV. ii. 56.

Watched, a term in falconry; hawks were kept from sleeping = watched, to tame them; III. ii. 43.

Waterflies, used contemptuously, the emblem of vanity; V. i. 34.

Watery, watering, desiring; III. ii. 20.

Weather; "keeps the w.," has the advantage; = weather-gage (a nautical term); V. iii. 26.

Weeds, garments; III. iii. 239.

When that = when; I. iii. 81.

Where, so that; IV. iv. 33.

Whom, which; III. iii. 201.

Whosoever, let him be whosoever he will; I. ii. 199.

Without, externally, physically; III. iii. 97.

Works = work, what we have been able to accomplish (Singer conj. "*mocks*"; Collier MS., "*wrecks*"; Kinnear conj. "*wars*"); I. iii. 18.

Worth, worthy of; V. iii. 93.

Worthier = men worthier; II. iii. 128.

Wrest, instrument for tightening the strings of a harp (used here figuratively); III. iii. 23.

Yond, yonder; IV. v. 13.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

Prol. 15. '*six-gated city*'; Theobald, '*six gates i' th' city.*'

Prol. 16. '*Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,*' so Folios; Theobald reads, '*Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian*'; Capell, '*Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Troyan.*'

Prol. 17. '*Antenorides*'; Theobald's emendation of Folios, '*Antenonidus*'; Pope reads, '*Anteroridas.*'

Prol. 23. '*A prologue arm'd*'; *i.e.* clad in armour instead of in a black cloak, which was the usual garb of the speaker of the Prologue.

Prol. 28. '*Beginning in the middle*'; Theobald reads, ''*Ginning i' th' middle.*'

I. i. 31. '*So, traitor!—"When she comes!"—When is she thence?*'; Quarto, '*So traitor then she comes when she is thence*'; Folios, '*So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.*'

I. i. 37. '*a storm*'; Rowe's correction of Quarto, '*a scorne*'; Folios 1, 2, '*a-scorne*'; Folios 3, 4, '*a-scorn.*'

I. i. 45. '*praise her*'; so Quarto; Folios read, '*praise it.*'

I. i. 55. '*Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,*' etc.; Theobald, '*discourse—how white her hand*'; similar emendations have been proposed, but probably '*that her hand*' = 'that hand of hers.'

I. i. 78-79. '*as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday*'; *i.e.* as beautiful in her worst dress as Helen in her 'Sunday best.'

I. ii. 162. '*two and fifty*'; so Quarto, Folios; Theobald reads, '*one and fifty*'; '*hairs*'; Quarto reads, '*heires.*'

I. ii. 250. '*an eye*'; so Quarto; Folios read, '*money*'; Collier conj. '*one eye.*'

I. ii. 300. '*joy's soul lies in the doing,*' so Quarto, Folio 1; Folios 2, 3, 4 read, '*the soules joy lyes in dooing.*' Mason conj. '*dies*'; Seymour conj. '*lives,*' etc.

I. iii. 31. '*thy godlike*'; Theobald's emendation; Quarto, '*the godlike*'; Folios, '*thy godly*'; Pope, '*thy goodly.*'

I. iii. 54. '*Retorts*'; Dyce's emendation; Quarto, Folios read, '*Retires.*'

I. iii. 70-75. Omitted in Quarto.

I. iii. 73. *'Mastic,'* perhaps a corrupt form of *L. mastigia,* a rascal that ought to be whipped; later, a scourge; the more usual form of the word was 'mastix,' *cp. 'Histriomastix.'*

I. iii. 92. *'ill aspects of planets evil'*; so Folios; Quarto, *'influence of euill Planets.'*

I. iii. 153. *'And, like a strutting player.' Cp.* the accompanying illustration, where Apollo as a quack doctor, and his assistant, are helping Charon, who is old and blind, to mount the steps of the stage.

From a Greek vase in the Hope collection.

I. iii. 220. *'Achilles'*; Johnson conj. *'Alcides'.'*

I. iii. 238. *'And, Jove's accord,' i.e.* 'And, Jove granting or favouring'; various emendations have been proposed on the supposition that the passage is corrupt.

I. iii. 315, 354-356. Omitted in Quarto.

II. i. 30-32. *'When thou art . . . another'*; omitted in Folios.

II. i. 119. *'brooch'*; Rowe, *'brach'*; Malone conj. *'brock.'*

II. ii. 77. *'an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive,' i.e.* "Priam's sister, Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breech of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax" (Malone).

II. ii. 110. *'Our firebrand brother, Paris,'* alluding to Hecuba's dream that she should be delivered of a burning torch.

II. ii. 166. *'Aristotle thought'*; Rowe and Pope proposed *'graver sages think,'* to save Shakespeare from the terrible anachronism. It has been pointed out that Aristotle speaks of political and not of moral philosophy; and, further, that Bacon makes the same mistake in his *Advancement of Learning,* Book II. (published 1605).

II. iii. 69. *'of the prover,'* the reading of Quarto: Folios read, *'to the Creator'*; Rowe (ed. 2), *'to thy creator'*; Capell, *'of thy creator.'*

II. iii. 82. *'He shent our,'* Theobald's emendation; Quarto reads, *'He sate our'*; Folios, *'He sent our.'*

II. iii. 108. *'The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy.'* "The popular opinion in the Middle Ages was that the elephant

had no flexibility of legs, that they were jointless, and that he rested and slept by leaning against a tree, which being adroitly cut down, left him at the mercy of his captors."

'The elephant so huge and stronge to see,
No perill fear'd; but thought a sleepe to gaine,
But foes before had undermin'de the tree,
And downe he falles; and so by them was slaine.'
From Whitney's *Emblems*, 1596.

II. iii. 144. *'Enter you'*; so Folios; Quarto reads, *'entertaine.'*
III. i. 111. The reading of Folios; omitted in Quarto.
III. ii. 70. *'fears'*; so Folio 3; Quarto, Folios 1, 2, *'teares'*; Folio 4, *'tears.'*

'Pride hath no other glass.'

III. ii. 157. *'show'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'shew* = showed.'

III. iii. 4. *'through the sight I bear in things to love'*; (?) 'through my peculiar knowledge as to where it is well to place affection'; Johnson proposed *'Jove'* for *'love,'* reading, *'through the sight I bear in things, to Jove I have abandoned,'* etc., but Jove favoured the Trojans. No very satisfactory explanation has been advanced.

III. iii. 30. *'In most accepted pain,'* = trouble willingly undergone. Hanmer suggested *'pay'* for *'pain.'*

III. iii. 47, 48. *'pride hath no other glass to show itself but pride.'* "The allusion seems borrowed

from the emblematic pictures of Pride, common to the Shakespearian era," one of which, from Kuchlein's illustrations of the festivities at Stuttgart in 1609, is here reproduced.

III. iii. 110. *'mirror'd,'* the reading of Singer MS. and Collier MS.; Quarto, Folios, *'married'*; Keightley, *'arrived'*; etc.

III. iii. 175. *'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,' i.e.* one touch of human nature, one natural trait, shows the kinship of all mankind, viz. that they praise new-born gawds, and are always hankering after novelty.

III. iii. 194. *'one of Priam's daughters'*; *i.e.* 'Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom she was afterwards killed by Paris.'

III. iii. 303. *'the fiddler Apollo.'* In the mythological art of the Shakespearian era, the *lyre* is often replaced by a *fiddle* in the hands of Apollo as is illustrated in the accompanying cut, copied from a volume descriptive of the festivities held at Antwerp in 1582.

'The fiddler Apollo.'

IV. ii. 73. *'secrets of nature'*; so Folios; Quarto, *'secrets of neighbor Pandar'*; Theobald, *'secret'st things of nature'*; Hanmer, *'secretest of natures,'* etc., etc.

IV. iv. 4. *'violenteth in a sense as strong, As that which'*; so Quarto; Folios read, *'no lesse in . . . As that which,'* etc.; Pope, *'in its sense is no less strong, than that Which.'*

IV. iv. 75-78. The reading in the text is Staunton's; many emendations have been proposed, but this is generally accepted by modern editors.

IV. iv. 144-148; v. 165-170. Omitted in Quarto.

IV. v. 29. Omitted in Folios; the reading of Quarto; Collier MS. reads, *'And parted you by your same argument.'*

IV. v. 59. *'accosting,'* Theobald's conj.; Quarto, Folios, *'a coasting'*; Collier MS., *'occasion'*; etc.

IV. v. 142. *'Neoptolemus so mirable'*; Hanmer reads, *'Neoptolemus' sire so mirable'*; Warburton, *'Neoptolemus's sire irascible'*; Collier conj. *'Neoptolemus so admirable,'* etc.

V. i. 23-26. *'raw . . . tetter,'* the reading of Quarto; omitted in Folios, substituting *'and the like.'*

V. i. 58. *'hanging at his brother's leg'*; so Folios; Quarto reads, *'at his bare leg.'*

V. ii. 75. *'Well said, whetstone.'* *Cp.* the subjoined illustrative drawing from an old book of emblems.

'The whettstone is a knave that all men know,
Yet many on him doe much cost bestowe:
Hee's us'd almost in every shoppe, but whye?
An edge must needs be set on every lye.'

V. iii. 20-21. *'as lawful, For we would give much, to use violent thefts'*; Tyrwhitt's conj.; Folios read, *'as lawfull: For we would count give much to as violent thefts.'*

V. iii. 112. The Folio here inserts:—

"PAND. *Why, but heare you?*
TROY. *Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame*
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name."
Cf. Sc. x.

V. vii. 6. *'aims'*; so Capell; Quarto, Folio 2, *'armes'*; Folio 1, *'arme'*; Folios 3, 4, *'arms.'*

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

PROLOGUE.

"This Prologue," says White, "is found only in the Folio; and Steevens conjectured, perhaps with reason, that it was not written by Shakespeare. Its style is not unlike Chapman's; and he was just the man to be called upon (perhaps by Shakespeare himself) to write it. May it not be his?"

1. *In Troy there lies the scene*:—Brandes remarks: "The last work which had lain ready on his [Shakespeare's] table was *Antony and Cleopatra*. He had there, for the second time, given his impression of the subversion of a world. There was a pendant to this war of the East (which was in reality waged for Cleopatra's sake), a war fought by all the countries of the Mediterranean for the possession of a loose woman; the most famous of all wars, the old Trojan war. Here was stuff for a tragi-comedy of right bitter sort. From childhood he, and every one else, had been filled with the fame and glory of this war. All its heroes were models of bravery, magnanimity, wisdom, friendship, and fidelity, as if such things existed! For the first time in his life he feels a desire to mock—to shout 'Bah!' straight out of his heart—to turn the wrong side out, the true side."

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

[*Pandarus.*] It is Chaucer who first submits the character of Pandarus to an important change, and makes it the transition point of the Pandarus we find in Shakespeare. In his poem

Troilus's young friend has become the elderly kinsman of Creseyde, and he brings the young pair together, mostly out of looseness. It was not Chaucer's intention, as it was Shakespeare's, to make the old fellow odious. His *rôle* is not carried out with the cynical and repulsive lowness of Shakespeare's character. Chaucer endeavours to ward off any painful impression by making the shameless old rascal the wit of his poem. He did not achieve his object; his readers saw only the procurer in Pandarus, whose name became thenceforward a by-word in the English language, and it was as such that Shakespeare drew the character in downright, unmistakable disgust.

83. *to stay behind her father*:—Calchas, according to Caxton in *The Destruction of Troy,* was "a great learned bishop," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the result of the war. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demands for them of Troy, Apollo answered unto him saying, Calcas, Calcas, beware thou returne not back againe to Troy, but goe thou with Achylles unto the Greekes, and depart never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Trojans, by the agreement of the gods." Chaucer's version of the story is much like this.

104. *Ilium* was properly the name of the city; but by Caxton it is thus described: "In the most open place of the cittie, upon a rock, the king Priamus did build his rich pallace, which was named Ilion: that was one of the richest pallaces and the strongest that ever was in all the world."

Scene II.

38 *et seq.* The long scene between Cressida and Pandarus is but an exhibition of the art of stimulating reluctance or hesitation, as she pertinaciously foils the pertinacious go-between in his recommendations of Troilus, only at last (291-293) to bespeak his services more certainly in bringing him to her:—

Pandarus. I will be with you, niece, by and by.
Cressida. To bring, uncle?
Pand. Ay, a token from Troilus.

The inspiration of Shakespeare is due here less to Chaucer than to Homer, and he has caught exactly the intention so often misunderstood, of the pert reply of Helen to the inviting Aphrodite on the Trojan walls.

197. *That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit*:—In the *Troy Book* of Lydgate. Antenor is thus described:—

"Copious in words, and one that much time spent
To jest, whenas he was in companie,
So driely, that no man could it espie;
And therewith held his countenance so well,
That every man received great content
To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,
When he was pleasant and in merriment:
For though that he most commonly was sad,
Yet in his speech some jest he always had."

292. *To bring*:—Of this Dyce says: "The expression, *to be with a person to bring*, is one of which I can more easily adduce examples than explain the exact meaning." As an instance in point, he quotes the following from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*: "And heere Ile have a fling at him, that's flat; and Balthazar, *Ile be with thee to bring*, and thee, Lorenzo." Also this from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:—

Lady. You have been with my sister?
Wel. Yes, *to bring.*
E. Love. An heir into the world, he means.

Of course, Pandarus catches at the word *bring*, and construes it in the sense commonly understood.

Scene III.

49 *et seq. the tiger . . . sympathize*:—It was formerly said that in violent storms tigers were wont to rage and roar most furiously.

83-101. *Degree being vizarded*, etc.:—This may have been suggested by a magnificent strain of eloquence in the first book of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, 1594: "If nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course, should as it were through

a languishing faintness begin to stand and rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixtures, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother no longer able to yield them relief;—what would become of man himself, whom these things do all now serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?"

94, 95. *when the planets*, etc.:—The apparently irregular motions of the planets were supposed to portend some disasters to mankind; indeed the planets themselves were not thought formerly to be confined in any fixed orbits of their own, but to wander about, as the etymology of their name demonstrates.

127-129. *this neglection*, etc.:—Of course, where each man strives to overtop or kick back his superiors, others will be moved to do the same by him, so that his way of climbing will result in a progress downwards; as men, by despising the law of their fathers, teach their children to despise them.

155. *wooden dialogue*:—"The epithet *wooden*," as Clarke observes, "has admirable significance here; not only conveying to the ear the resounding tread of the *strutting player* on the boards, but bringing to our eye his puppet hardness and stiffness as well as the awkward stupidity of his look and action."

272. *this challenge*:—Steevens remarks upon the Poet's anachronism in putting this challenge in a style more suitable to Palmerin or Amadis than to Hector or Æneas. But is not the whole play a binding up of the characters and incidents of classic times with the manners and sentiments of Gothic chivalry? Shakespeare learned this from the romance writers, and from none more than from Chaucer, who, nevertheless, seems to have known that Greece was neither a Gothic nor a Christian nation. The *incident* of the challenge was most likely taken from Chapman's translation of Homer.

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

[*Thersites.*] Recall the friendship, the brotherhood, existing between Achilles and Patroclus as drawn by Homer, and then

see what Shakespeare, under the influence of his own times, makes of it. "He causes Thersites," says Brandes, "to spit upon the connection, and by not allowing any one to protest, leaves us to suppose his version to be correct." Brandes attributes Shakespeare's picture of this "abomination" to his despondency at the time of writing, when he was "full of loathing for humanity."

13. *mongrel*:—Thersites calls Ajax *mongrel*, on account of his father being a Grecian and his mother a Trojan.

40. The misshapen head of Thersites is probably what is here alluded to.

125. [*Exit Thersites.*] For the character of Thersites Shakespeare probably took a general hint from Chapman; there being nothing of him in Chaucer, Caxton, or Lydgate. In Homer he is represented merely as a deformed jester:—

"Thersites only would speak all. A most disorder'd store
Of words he foolishly pour'd out, of which his mind held more
Than it could manage: anything with which he could procure
Laughter, he never could contain. He should have yet been sure
To touch no kings: t' oppose their states becomes not jesters parts.
But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts
In Troy's brave siege: he was squint-ey'd, and lame, of either foot;
So crook-back'd that he had no breast; sharp-headed, where did shoot
(Here and there sperst) thin mossy hair. He most of all envied
Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleen would chide;
Nor could the sacred king himself avoid his saucy vein,
Against whom, since he knew the Greeks did vehement hates sustain,
(Being angry for Achilles' wrong,) he cried out, railing. . . ."

Scene II.

49. *reason and respect*:—Thus in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 274-277:—

"Then, childish fear avaunt! debating die!
Respect and *reason* wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage."

Caxton furnishes the following illustration of this passage: "Then arose upon his feet Troylus, the youngest son of king Pryamus, and began to speake in this manner: O noble men and hardie, how be ye abashed for the words of this cowardlie priest here! . . . If Helenus be affraid, let him goe into the Temple, and sing the divine service, and let the other take revenge of their injurious wrongs by strength and force of armes. . . . All they that heard Troylus thus speake allowed him, saying that he had verie well spoken. And thus they finished their parliament, and went to dinner."

Scene III.

Brandes, speaking of the ninth book of the *Iliad* and of its relation to this Scene, says: "This book is one of the few finished works of art which have been produced upon this earth. . . . Achilles' wrath, Nestor's experience, Odysseus' subtle tact, Phœnix's good-natured rambling, the wounded pride of the Hellenic emissaries, are all gathered together in the endeavour to induce Achilles to quit his tent. Contrast this with the burlesque attempt to provoke that cowardly snob and raw dunce of an Achilles out of his exclusiveness, by passing him by without returning his greeting or seeming conscious of his existence; this same Achilles, who falls upon Hector with his myrmidons and scoundrelly murders him, just as the hero, wearied by battle, has taken off his helmet and laid aside his sword. It reads like the invention of a mediæval barbarian. But Shakespeare is neither mediæval nor a barbarian. No, he has written it down out of a bitterness so deep that he has felt hero-worship, like love, to be an illusion of the senses. As the phantasy of first love is absurd, and Troilus's loyalty towards its object ridiculous, so is the honour of our forefathers and of war in general a delusion. Shakespeare now suspects the most assured reputations; he believes that if Achilles really lived at all, he was most probably a stupid and vainglorious boaster, just as Helen must have been a hussy by no means worthy of the turmoil which was made about her. As he distorted Achilles into an absurdity, so he wrenched all other personalities into caricatures. Gervinus has justly remarked that Shakespeare here acts very much as his Patroclus does when he mimics Agamemnon's loftiness and Nestor's weakness, for Achilles' delectation."

27, 28. a gilt counterfeit . . . slipped:—The quibble here is

clearly explained by the following passage quoted by Reed, from Greene's *Thieves falling out True Men come by their Goods*: "And therefore he went and got him certain slips, which are counterfeit pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call slips."

179. *He is so plaguy proud*:—*Plaguy* is constantly used in New England, and indeed throughout the Northern States, just as it is used here. Steevens (in 1773) branded it as vulgar, and would have excluded it from the text, regardless of its relations to the remainder of the sentence, which explains the origin of the phrase.

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

12. *I hope I shall know your honour better*:—A quibble. He hopes Pandarus will become *a better man* than he is at present. In his next speech he chooses to understand Pandarus as if he had wished to grow better; and hence the servant affirms that he is in a state of *grace*.

135, 136. *I would fain*, etc.:—"This trait of Paris," says Verplanck, "painted as a man of spirit and ability, yet wasting important hours in submission to the whims of his mistress, oddly resembles the anecdotes, of which the English memoirs are full, of the habits of Charles II.; and to this the coincidence of the name, Nell, adds effect. It affords a proof of the general truth of the portrait, that the grandson of the monarch who reigned when this play was written should have thus, half a century afterwards, re-enacted the sauntering indolence of Paris."

Scene III.

Here again we trace the Poet's reading in Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseide*, Book i.:—

> "So when this Calcas knew by calculing,
> And eke by the answere of this god Apollo,
> That the Greekes should such a people bring,
> Thorow the which that Troy must be fordo,
> He cast anone out of the toune to go;
> For well he wist by sort, that Troie shoulde
> Destroyed be, ye would whoso or n'olde.

Wherefore he to departen softely
Tooke purpose full, this foreknowing wise,
And to the Greekes host full prively
He stale anone; and they in courteous wise
Did unto him both worship and servise
In trust that he hath cunning hem to rede
In every perill, which that was to drede.

Great rumour rose, whan it was first espied,
In all the toune, and openly was spoken,
That Calcas traitour fled was and alied
To hem of Greece; and cast was to be wroken
On him that falsely hath his faith broken,
And sayed, he and all his kinne atones
Were worthy to be brent, both fell and bones."

145 *et seq. Time hath, my lord, a wallet,* etc.:—Boaden remarks that the image here is from Spenser's *Faerie Queene*:—

"But tell me, Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with such toile,
And eeke this wallet at your backe arreare,
That for these Carles to carry much more comely were?

'Here in this bottle' (sayd the sorry Mayd)
'I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayd:
And in this bag, which I behinde me don,
I put repentaunce for things past and gon.'"

189, 190. *Made emulous missions,* etc.:—Alluding to the descent of the gods, as told of in Homer, to take part in the fight before Troy. Shakespeare probably followed Chapman: in the fifth book of the *Iliad* Diomed wounds Mars, who, on his return to Olympus, is rated by Jupiter for having interfered in the battle. This disobedience is the *faction* alluded to.

200. *Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles*:—In their *infancy*, before they can give themselves utterance; as men often act out their thoughts before they express them, and even before they are fully conscious of having them; some pre-existing impulse being in fact the seed of the thought.

214, 215. *Farewell . . . break*:—F. Halliwell-Phillips published, concerning these two lines, a miniature book, *The Fool and the Ice*, London, 1883. He explains that a whole little his-

tory lies behind this curious simile. When Lord Chandos's company played at Evesham, near Stratford (before 1600), a country fool there, Jack Miller by name, became so infatuated with their clown that he wanted to run away with them, and had, consequently, to be locked up. He saw from the window, however, that the company was preparing to depart, and springing out, sped, in spite of the danger, over forty yards of ice so thin that it would not bear a piece of brick which was laid upon it. (First told in a little book by the player Robert Arnim, afterwards one of Shakespeare's colleagues. It was published in 1603 under the title "Foole upon Foole, or Sixe Sortes of Sottes, by Colonnico del Mondo Snuffe," clown at the Globe Theatre.)

237. *To see us here unarm'd*:—So in Caxton: "The truce during, Hector went on a day unto the tents of the Greekes, and Achilles beheld him gladly, forasmuch as he had never seen him unarmed. And at the request of Achilles, Hector went into his tent; and as they spake together of many things, Achilles said to Hector, I have great pleasure to see thee unarmed, forasmuch as I have never seen thee before."

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

7. *Good morrow, Lord Æneas*:—In the greeting of Æneas and Diomed—somewhat reminiscent of that of Glaucus and Diomed in Homer, we have a glimpse of a more genuine and moderated gallantry that gives the tone and scale of weaker or coarser variations. In this Scene Paris entertains with unruffled politeness and complacency the plain-spoken truth which Diomed bestows on the character of Helen.

23, 24. *by Anchises' life . . . Venus' hand*:—He swears first by the life of his father, and then by the hand of his mother.

Scene II.

60 *et seq.* Caxton tells this part of the story as follows: "Calcas, that by the commandment of Apollo had left the Trojans, had a passing faire daughter and wise, named Briseyda—Chaucer, in his book that he made of Troylus, named her Cresida—for which

daughter he prayed to king Agamemnon and to the other princes, that they would require the king Priamus to send Briseyda unto him. They prayed enough to king Priamus at the instance of Calcas; but the Trojans blamed sore Calcas, and called him evil and false traitor, and worthie to die, that had left his owne and and naturall lord, for to goe into the companie of his mortal enemies: yet at the petition and earnest desire of the Greekes, the king Priamus sent Briseyda to her father."

Scene III.

7-9. *And to his hand . . . own heart*:—"It is true," says Brandes, "that there is a chivalrous fine feeling and sensual tenderness in Troilus's love, which seems to foreshadow, as it were, that which some centuries later found such full expression in Keats. But the melancholy of Shakespeare's matured perception sets its iron tooth in everything at this period of his life, and he looks upon absorption in love as senseless and laughable. He shows us how blindly Troilus runs into the snare, giddy with happiness and uplifted to the heavens, and how the next moment he awakes from his intoxication, betrayed; but he shows it without sympathy, coldly. Therefore, the play never once arouses any true emotion."

Scene IV.

58. *be thou but true of heart*:—Knight thinks that Shakespeare's conception of the character of Cressida is altogether different from that of Chaucer, and that there is little in the scene before us to make us believe that Cressida will keep her vows. In the elder poet she manifests a loftiness of character which ought to have preserved her faith, but Shakespeare has made her consistent.

70. *Wear this sleeve*:—The custom of wearing a lady's sleeve or glove as a favour is thus referred to in the *Chronicles* of Hall: "One ware on his headpiece his lady's sleeve, and another bare on his helme the glove of his deareling." And in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*: "A lady's sleeve high-spirited Hastings wore," etc. Malone says that the sleeve which Troilus here gives Cressida may be an ornamented cuff, such perhaps as was worn by some of our young nobility at a tilt." She afterwards (V. ii. 66) gives it to Diomed.

Scene V.

55-57. *There's language*, etc.:—One would almost think that Shakespeare had, on this occasion, been reading St. Chrysostom: "Non loquuta es lingua, sed loquuta es gressu; non loquuta es voce, sed oculis loquuta es clarius quam voce": that is, "They say nothing with their mouthes, they speake in their gaite, they speake with their eyes, they speake in the carriage of their bodies." This invective against a wanton, as well as the translation of it, is from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

120 *et seq.* The fine incident of this passage is thus narrated by Caxton: "As they were fighting, they spake and talked together, and thereby Hector knew that he was his cousin-german, son of his aunt; and then Hector for courtesy embraced him in his arms, and made great cheer, and offered to him to do all his pleasure, if he desired anything of him, and prayed him that he would come to Troy with him for to see his lineage of his mother's side. But the said Thelamon, that intended to nothing but his best advantage, said that he would not go at this time. But he prayed Hector, requesting that, if he loved him so much as he said, he would for his sake, and at his instance, cease the battle for that day, and that the Trojans should leave the Greeks in peace. The unhappy Hector accorded unto him his request, and blew a horn, and made all his people to withdraw into the city."

142. By *Neoptolemus* Shakespeare must mean *Achilles*, though he was not so named. Finding that his son was Pyrrhus *Neoptolemus*, the Poet probably considered *Neoptolemus* as the *nomen gentilitium* or gentilitial name, and thought the father was likewise Achilles *Neoptolemus*. Or he may have been led into the error by some book of the time. From another passage (III. iii. 209) it is evident that he knew Pyrrhus had not yet engaged in the siege of Troy: "But it must grieve young Pyrrhus *now at home*."

219, 220. *yonder walls*, etc.:—Caxton thus describes Priam's palace, which was named Ilion: "It was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the towers, whereof there was great plenty, and so high that it seemed to them that saw them from farre, they raught up unto the heavens."

231-233. The incident of Achilles viewing Hector "limb by limb" is narrated in the twenty-second book of the *Iliad*. We subjoin Chapman's version of the passage, though Shakespeare probably had not seen it when he wrote this play:—

"His bright and sparkling eyes
Look'd through the body of his foe, and sought through all that prize
The next way to his thirsted life. Of all ways, only one
Appear'd to him; and this was, where th' unequal winding bone
That joins the shoulders and the neck had place, and where there lay
The speeding way to death; and there his quick eye could display
The place it sought—even through those arms his friend Patroclus wore
When Hector slew him."

233. *Quoted* is observed, marked, noted.

261-265. Ajax treats Achilles with contempt, and means to insinuate that he is afraid of fighting with Hector. "You may every day," says he, "have enough of Hector, if you have the *inclination*; but I believe the whole state of Greece will scarcely prevail on you to be *at odds* with him, to contend with him."

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

65. *but to be Menelaus!*—In Homer there is no hint of the modern ridicule of Menelaus; he is equally worthy, equally "beloved by the gods," and still the same mighty hero, if his wife has been abducted. But here, this eternal mockery of Menelaus as a deserted husband, these endless good and bad jests on his lot, mingled with barbaric laughter over Helen as unchaste! Thersites is made the mouthpiece of most of it. Shakespeare found his name in Ovid, and a description of his person in Homer.

Scene II.

66. *Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve*:—This is the sleeve that Troilus gave Cressida (IV. iv. 70), when she gave him a glove in return.

186. *wear a castle on thy head*:—That is, defend thy head with armour of more than common security. So in *The History of Prince Arthur*, 1634: "Do thy best, said Sir Gawaine; there-

fore hie thee fast, and wit thou well we shall soon come after, and breake the strongest *castle* that thou hast upon thy head." It appears that a kind of close helmet was called a *castle*; but the word is here clearly metaphorical. Heath explains that Troilus tells Diomed to shut his head up, if it were possible, in a castle, else his sword should reach it.

Scene III.

6. *My dreams,* etc.:—That is, my dreams of the night forebode ill to the day. The incident is thus related by Caxton: "Andromeda saw that night a marvellous vision, and her seemed if Hector went that day to the battle he should be slaine. And she, that had great fear and dread of her husband, weeping, said to him, praying that he would not go to the battle that day: whereof Hector blamed his wife, saying that she should not believe nor give faith to dreams, and would not abide nor tarry therefore." Shakespeare was familiar, no doubt, with Chaucer's brief account in The Nonnes Preestes Tale:—

> "Lo, hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
> That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
> She dremed on the same night beforne
> How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,
> If thilke day he went into bataille:
> She warned him, but it might not availle;
> He went forth for to fighten natheles,
> And was yslain anon of Achilles."

38. *a lion*:—The traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons, not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct and pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man.

78. [*Exit Andromache.*] *The Destruction of Troy* continues the story thus: "In the morning Andromeda went to the king Priamus, and to the queene, and told them the verity of her vision, and prayed them with all her heart, that they would do so much at her request as to dissuade Hector, that he should not in any wise that day go to the battle. It happened that the day was faire and clear, and the Trojans armed them, and Troylus issued first into the battle; after him Æneas. And the king Priamus sent to Hector, that he should keepe him well that day from

going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry, and said to his wife many reproachful words, as that he knew well that this commandment came by her request; yet, notwithstanding the forbidding, he armed him. At this instant came the queene Hecuba, and the queene Helen, and the sisters of Hector, and kneeled down presently before his feet, and prayed him with weeping tears that he would do off his harness, and come with them into the hall: but never would he do it for their prayers, but descended from the palace, and tooke his horse, and would have gone to battle. But at the request of Andromeda the king Priamus came running anon, and tooke him by the bridle, and said to him so many things of one and other, that he made him to return, but in no wise would he be made to unarm him." This scene—the parting of Hector and Andromache—takes place in the sixth book of the *Iliad,* which some commentators believe to have been untranslated by Chapman when this play was written, and therefore unknown to Shakespeare.

Scene IV.

18. *to proclaim barbarism*:—To set up the authority of ignorance, and to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.

30. According to the rules of chivalry, a person of superior birth might not be challenged by an inferior; or, if challenged, might refuse combat.

Scene V.

1 *et seq.* Caxton gives the matter thus: "And of the partie of the Trojans came the king Ademon that jousted against Menelaus, and smote him, and hurt him in the face: and he and Troylus tooke him, and had led him away, if Diomedes had not come the sooner with a great companie of knights, and fought with Troylus at his coming, and smote him downe, and tooke his horse, and sent it to Briseyda, and did cause to say to her by his servant that it was Troyluses horse, her love, and that he had conquered him by his promise, and prayed her from thenceforth that she would hold him for her love."

14. *sagittary*:—Thus described in *The Destruction of Troy*: "A mervayllous beaste that was called Sagittayre, that behynde

the myddes was an horse, and to-fore a man. This beste was heery like an horse, and had his eyen red as a cole, and shotte well with a bowe: this beste made the Grekes sore aferde, and slewe many of them with his bowe." Likewise in Lydgate:—

"A wonder archer of sight mervaylous,
Of form and shape in manner monstrous:
For like mine auctour as I rehearse can,
Fro the navel upward he was man,
And lower down like a horse yshaped;
And thilke part that after man was maked
Of skin was black and rough as any beare,
Covered with hair fro cold him for to weare.
Passing foul and horrible of sight,
Whose eyes twain were sparkling as bright
As is a furnace with his red leven,
Or the lightning that falleth fro the heven;
Dredeful of looke, and red as fire of cheer,
And, as I rede, he was a good archer;
And with his bow both at even and morow
Upon the Grekes he wrought much sorrow."

20. So in Caxton's *History*: "Then, when Hector was richly arraied, and armed with good harnesse and sure, he mounted upon his horse named *Galathe,* that was one of the most great and strongest horses of the world."

Scene VIII.

1. *Most putrefied core*:—This is the "one in sumptuous armour," at the close of Scene vi. The incident was taken from *The Destruction of Troy.*

10. "The heroic greatness of Achilles is mere semblance," says Ulrici; "it is only by a treacherous attack that—with the aid of his Myrmidons—he succeeds in killing Hector, who was resting and unarmed."

22. The Poet applies to Hector a part of what the *History* relates of Troilus, as appears by the following: "Afore that Achilles entered into the battle, he assembled his Myrmidons, and prayed them that they would intend to none other thing but to inclose Troylus, and to hold him without flying till he came. And they promised him that they so would. And he thronged

into the battle. And on the other side came Troylus, that began to flee and beat down all them that he caught, and did so much that about mid-day he put the Greeks to flight. Then the Myrmidons, that were about two thousand fighting men, thrust in among the Trojans, and recovered the field. And as they held them together, and sought no man but Troylus, they found him, and he fought strongly and was inclosed on all parts; but he slew and wounded many. And as he was all alone among them, and had no man to help him, they slew his horse, and hurt him in many places, and plucked off his head helm, and his coif of iron; and he defended him in the best manner he could. Then came on Achilles, when he saw Troylus all naked, and ran upon him in a rage, and smote off his head, and took the body and bound it to the tail of his horse, and so drew it after him throughout the host."

Scene IX.

10. *Great Troy is ours*:—"In the play, as so frequently in life," says Lloyd, "the honours of success fall to the share of those who deserved it, but in a mode they neither expected nor influenced. The purposes of Agamemnon, Ulysses, and Nestor, have been sustained throughout and well pursued, and though as Thersites says, their policy promises little fruit from circumstances running cross, others arise that give full compensation. The trifling that they strove against brings on consequences that aid them shrewdly. Achilles is roused by the death of Patroclus and slaughter of his Myrmidons, Ajax also suffers for his absence, and is also roused by the loss of a friend. This is the same motive that gives the last force to the single-thoughted resolution of Troilus, and thus the play appropriately ends when on either side the levities and frivolousnesses that had drawn out to ten years' length the desultory and harassing war, are finally disposed of, and the decisive contest and crash of fully collected and determined powers is at last prepared for."

Scene X.

34. [*Exit Troilus.*] In the twenty-fourth book of the *Iliad* Homer makes his solitary mention of Troilus as a son whom Priam had lost before the opening of the poem. The old king says:—

"O me, accursed man,
All my good sons are gone, my light the shades Cimmerian
Have swallowed from me. I have lost Mestor, surnamed the Fair,
Troilus, that ready knight at arms, that made his field repair
Ever so prompt and joyfully."

This is all the great old-world poet says of the king's son, whose fame in the Middle Ages outshone Hector's own. This brief mention of an early death stirred the imagination and set fancy at work. The cyclic poets expanded the hint and developed Troilus into a handsome youth who fell by Achilles' lance. It had become the custom under imperial Rome to derive the empire from the Trojans, and the theory gave birth to many fabrications, professing to emanate from eye-witnesses of the war.

Questions on
Troilus and Cressida.

1. What difficulties are experienced in assigning the date of this play? What conjectures are advanced as to the possibility of different parts being written at different times?

2. What are the probable sources from which materials for the play were taken?

PROLOGUE.

3. What epithet is applied in the second line to the princes of Greece?

4. At what stage of the Trojan war does the action begin?

ACT FIRST.

5. What traits as a lover does Troilus display?

6. What is Troilus's comment on the war? How is the war and its cause thrown up thus early as a background for the love-story? What key for the play is struck in Sc. i.?

7. What description is given of Ajax in Sc. ii.? With what Trojan warrior is he brought into comparison?

8. What is the purpose of the long dialogue in Sc. ii. as concerns Cressida; as concerns Pandarus; as concerns the plot? How does it serve in helping to create the enveloping atmosphere?

9. What is Cressida's attitude during the passing of the Trojan warriors? Does one guess her secret before she reveals herself at the end of Sc. ii.? What type of character does she represent?

10. In Sc. iii. what state of affairs at the end of the seventh year of the war does Agamemnon describe? To what does he assign the cause?

11. How does Nestor describe the situation? Does he attempt

to fathom a cause? Is his speech *mere oratory* and in accordance with his historic reputation?

12. Account for the temper of lines 70-74.

13. How does Ulysses solve the situation? What remedy does he propose? What picture of disorganization does he draw? What does he say of Ajax; of Thersites?

14. Should Agamemnon not have been known personally to Æneas at the end of seven years' fighting?

15. What challenge is brought from Hector? To what motive does the challenge appeal? Who penetrates its real significance?

16. What method of treating the challenge does Ulysses advise?

17. Does the first Act establish a *motif* for the action?

ACT SECOND.

18. How is Thersites introduced? Has the key to his character been already given? What is the quality of his wit?

19. What has embittered him, or is he a born railer? Does any one escape his vituperation?

20. What had been the effect of Thersites's gibes had Ajax or Achilles or Patroclus been worthier men? What new facts do we learn concerning these heroes? Does Sc. i. advance the plot any?

21. Indicate the personal touch with which Achilles quits the scene.

22. To what preceding part of the play does Sc. ii. form a contrast? How is the contrast carried out as to characters?

23. What demand is sent to the Trojans concerning Helen?

24. What is Hector's advice? How is he answered by Troilus? Whose argument is the stronger?

25. What is the dramatic purpose of the warning of Cassandra? Does the argument take on a higher moral tone after her entrance?

26. What reason does Paris allege for keeping Helen?

27. Why does Shakespeare make Hector touch the high moral of the problem with illuminating vision and then calmly yield to the lower motives of the others?

28. What is effected by making the soliloquies of Thersites in Sc. iii. take on the form of prayers?

29. Is there an abatement of power in presenting the succeeding dialogue which suggests Thersites as the court fool?

30. Who make up the deputation that calls upon Achilles? How does he receive them?

31. What is effected by the depreciations uttered in asides against Ajax?

ACT THIRD.

32. What anachronisms does the dialogue between the Servant and Pandarus contain?

33. In what aspect does this Scene present Paris? Why was he not in the field?

34. What is the errand on which Pandarus comes to him?

35. In Sc. ii. is there shown a temper peculiar to the classic world and different from, let us say, the mediæval Italy of *Romeo and Juliet*?

36. Between the Nurse of the play just named and Pandarus is there anything to choose?

37. How do the characters of this Scene bequeath their names to representatives of their class?

38. Who was Calchas? What services did he do the Greeks and what reward did he ask?

39. Among the Trojans what office did Antenor hold?

40. What was the purpose of the disrespect offered by the generals to Achilles?

41. What does Ulysses say as to the way a man comes to know himself? How does he apply this to Ajax?

42. In what way does he bring the argument around to apply to the case of Achilles? What was Achilles' motive in keeping out of the conflict?

43. What is the purpose of the satirical account of Ajax that Thersites furnishes?

ACT FOURTH.

44. Indicate the nature of the greetings between Diomedes and Æneas.

45. What is effected through juxtaposition by the discussion between Diomedes and Paris concerning Helen?

46. Does Paris err on the side of courtesy or weakness in receiving the plain speech of Diomedes?

47. Who brings to Cressida (Sc. ii.) the news of Priam's mandate to convey her to the Grecian camp?

48. What does she say in response to it? What does Troilus say in Sc. iii. about the sacrifice he is about to make?

49. How does Cressida (Sc. iv.) receive the pleadings of Troilus that she be true? Does she ever promise anything?

50. What gave Diomedes assurance to make the speech that Troilus resents as discourteous usage? Where does the attention briefly turn at the close of the Scene? With war as a background for love, in what relations are they frequently emphasized?

51. In Sc. v. how does Ulysses answer the bombast of Ajax? How does Ulysses show himself the observer of men?

52. In what manner does Cressida bear herself in the Grecian camp? How does Ulysses comment upon her?

53. What was Ajax's origin? What account of Troilus is given by Ulysses, and what dramatic end does it serve in this place?

54. What follows after the trial between Ajax and Hector? What kind of courtesies are exchanged? What passes between Hector and Achilles?

55. What combat is set for the following day? Does anything in modern warfare resemble the scene of the Grecian's entertainment of Hector and Troilus?

ACT FIFTH.

56. Of whom does Achilles speak at the opening of the Act?

57. What inspires Thersites to such habitual venomous speech? What measure of truth is there usually in his words?

58. Sc. i. is transitional in what respects?

59. What contrasts are there between the scene between Cressida and Diomedes and the earlier one between Cressida and Troilus?

60. What motive, do you think, had Ulysses for conducting Troilus to the scene of his disillusion?

61. How does this Scene affect Troilus's whole philosophy of life?

62. Why does Ulysses forbear to argue with him now? What is insinuated by the question of Ulysses in Sc. ii., line 133?

63. What would doubtless be the reflection of Ulysses upon a scene like this?

64. What does Troilus resolve to do?

65. Who urge Hector not to go out to battle? What attribute does Troilus give him?

66. What effect is produced by the scene of waiting and high-wrought passion on the eve of Hector's departure?

67. How does Cressida end her life dramatically?

68. Is detestation of Thersites increased by Hector's allowing him to live?

69. What brings Achilles finally into the battle?

70. What are the fortunes of battle before the encounter of Achilles and Hector? What is the significance of the *one in sumptuous armour*?

71. What advantage does Achilles take over Hector?

72. How does Troilus quit the scene? What effect is produced by bringing forward Pandarus as the epilogue to the play?

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73. Does this play seem defective in informing purpose? Is it a tragedy? If so, why does the dramatist allow the hero and heroine to live on after the end of the play?

74. What elements of the story vary from the Homeric narrative?

75. Is Troilus a tragic figure? Does he draw upon the sympathies as strongly as Romeo? How is he differentiated from the latter?

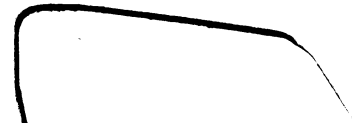
76. What type of character does Shakespeare draw in Cressida? Does he ever allow any mitigating touches in relation to her? Does he allow her any charm such as he gave to Cleopatra? How would the question of such an endowment be affected by the difference between Antony and Troilus?

77. Is Thersites a character of nature? What are his components? Is he a poetical figure like Caliban?

78. In what does he resemble the chorus?

79. Is the Achilles of this play true to Homeric traditions? How do you estimate his character?

80. What resemblance is there between Ulysses and the *Duke of dark corners* in *Measure for Measure*?

81. Construct the dramatist's philosophy of life as revealed in this play.

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